AURENG-ZEBE,

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

Royal Theatre.

Written by

JOHN DRYDEN,

Servant to his Majesty.

——— *cum fregit subsellia versu,*
Esurit, intactam Paridi *nisi vendat Agaven.* Juv.

Licensed, *ROGER L'ESTRANGE.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be Sold by *Jos. Knight* and *F. Saunders* at the *Blue Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange.*
M.DC LXXXV.

3895

ALBERNG-ZEBE.

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

Royal Theatre.

Written by

JOHN DRYDEN,

Servant to his Majesty.

LONDON,

Printed by T. M. for Henry Herringman, and are to be Sold by Joseph Knight and F. Saunders at the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange.

MDC LXXXV.

To the Right Honourable,

JOHN, Earl of MULGRAVE,

Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-Chamber, and Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

My Lord,

'TIS a severe Reflection which Montaign *has made on Princes, That we ought not, in reason, to have any expectations of Favour from them; and that 'tis kindness enough, if they leave us in possession of our own. The boldness of the Censure shows the free Spirit of the Author: And the Subjects of* England *may justly congratulate to themselves, that both the Nature of our Government, and the Clemency of our King, secure us from any such Complaint. I, in particular, who subsist wholely by his Bounty, am oblig'd to give posterity a far other account of my Royal Master, than what* Montaign *has left of his. Those accusations had been more reasonable, if they had been plac'd on inferiour Persons. For in all Courts, there are too many, who make it their business to ruine Wit: And* Montaign, *in other places, tells us, what effects he found of their good Natures. He describes them such, whose Ambition, Lust, or private Interest, seem to be the only end of their Creation. If good accrue to any from them, 'tis only in order to their own designs: conferr'd most commonly on the base and infamous; and never given, but only* hapning *sometimes on well deservers. Dulness has brought them to what they are; and Malice secures them in their Fortunes. But somewhat of Specious they must have, to recommend themselves to Princes, (for Folly will not easily go down in its own natural form with discerning Judges.) And diligence in waiting, is their gilding of the Pill; for that looks like Love, though 'tis only Interest. 'Tis that which gains 'em their advantage over witty Men; whose love of Liberty and Ease, makes them willing too often to discharge their burden of Attendance on these officious Gentlemen. 'Tis true, that the nauseousness of such Company is enough to disgust a reasonable Man; when he sees, he can hardly approach Greatness, but as a Mounted Castle, he must first pass through the Mud and Filth*

with which it is encompass'd. These are they, who wanting Wit, affect Gravity, and go by the name of Solid men: and a solid man is, in plain English, a solid, solemn Fool. Another disguise they have, (for Fools, as well as Knaves, take other names, and pass by an Alias) *and that is the Title of honest Fellows. But this honesty of theirs ought to have many Grains for its Allowance; for certainly they are no farther honest, than they are silly: They are naturally mischievous to their power; and if they speak not maliciously, or sharply, of witty men, 'tis only because God has not bestow'd on them the gift of utterance. They fawn and crouch to men of parts, whom they cannot ruine: quote their Wit when they are present, and when they are absent, steal their Jests: But to those who are under 'em, and whom they can crush with ease, they show themselves in their natural Antipathy; there they treat Wit like the common Enemy, and give it no more quarter, than a Dutch-man would to an English Vessel in the* Indies; *they strike Sail where they know they shall be master'd, and murder where they can with safety.*

This, my Lord, is the Character of a Courtier without Wit; and therefore that which is a Satyre to other men, must be a Panegyrick to your Lordship, who are a Master of it. If the least of these Reflections could have reach'd your Person, no necessity of mine could have made me to have sought so earnestly, and so long to have cultivated your kindness. As a Poet, I cannot but have made some observations on mankind: The lowness of my Fortune has not yet brought me to flatter Vice; and 'tis my duty to give Testimony to Virtue. 'Tis true, your Lordship is not of that nature, which either seeks a Commendation, or want it. Your mind has always been above the wretched affectation of Popularity. A popular man is, in truth, no better than a Prostitute to common Fame, and to the People. He lies down to every one he meets, for the hire of praise; and his Humility is only a disguis'd Ambition. Even Cicero *himself, whose Eloquence deserv'd the admiration of mankind; yet by his insatiable thirst of Fame, he has lessen'd his Character with succeeding Ages: His Action against* Catiline *may be said to have ruin'd the Consul, when it sav'd the City: for it so swell'd his Soul, which was not truly great, that ever afterwards it was apt to be over-set with vanity. And this made his Virtue so suspected by his Friends, that* Brutus, *whom of all men he ador'd, refus'd him a place in his Conspiracy. A Modern*

Wit

Wit has made this Obſervation on him, That coveting to recommend himſelf to Poſterity, he begg'd it as an Alms of all his Friends, the Hiſtorians, to remember his Conſulſhip: And obſerve, if you pleaſe, the odneſs of the event; all their Hiſtories are loſt, and the vanity of his requeſt ſtands yet recorded in his own Writings. How much more great and manly in your Lordſhip, is your contempt of popular applauſe, and your retir'd Virtue, which ſhines only to a few; with whom you live ſo eaſily and freely, that you make it evident, you have a Soul which is capable of all the tenderneſs of Friendſhip; and that you only retire your ſelf from thoſe, who are not capable of returning it. Your kindneſs, where you have once plac'd it, is inviolable: And 'tis to that only I attribute my happineſs in your love. This makes me more eaſily forſake an Argument, on which I could otherwiſe delight to dwell: I mean, your Judgment in your choice of Friends; becauſe I have the honour to be one. After which, I am ſure you will more eaſily permit me to be ſilent, in the care you have taken of my Fortune; which you have reſcu'd, not only from the power of others, but from my worſt of Enemies, my own modeſty and Lazineſs. Which favour, had it been employ'd on a more deſerving Subject, had been an effect of Juſtice in your Nature; but, as plac'd on me, is only Charity. Yet, withal, 'tis conferr'd on ſuch a man, as prefers your kindneſs it ſelf, before any of its Conſequences; and who values, as the greateſt of your Favours, thoſe of your Love, and of your Converſation. From this conſtancy to your Friends, I might reaſonably aſſume, that your Reſentments would be as ſtrong and laſting, if they were not reſtrain'd by a nobler Principle of good Nature and Generoſity. For certainly, 'tis the ſame compoſition of Mind, the ſame Reſolution and Courage, which makes the greateſt Friendſhips, and the greateſt Enmities. And he who is too lightly reconcil'd, after high Provocations, may recommend himſelf to the World for a Chriſtian, but I ſhould hardly truſt him for a Friend. The Italians have a Proverb to that purpoſe, To forgive the firſt time ſhows me a good Catholick, the ſecond time a Fool. *To this firmneſs in all your Actions (though you are wanting in no other Ornaments of Mind and Body, yet to this) I principally aſcribe the Intereſt your merits have acquir'd you in the Royal Family. A Prince, who is conſtant to himſelf, and ſteady in all his undertakings; one with whom that Character of* Horace *will agree,*

Si fractus.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ,

Such an one cannot but place an eſteem, and repoſe a confidence on him, whom no Adverſity, no change of Courts, no Bribery of Intereſts, or Cabals of Factions, or Advantages of Fortune, can remove from the ſolid foundations of Honour and Fidelity.

Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit; ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulcro.

How well your Lordſhip will deſerve that praiſe, I need no inſpiration to foretel. You have already left no room for Prophecy: your early undertakings have been ſuch, in the ſervice of your King and Country, when you offer'd your ſelf to the moſt dangerous employment, that of the Sea; when you choſe to abandon thoſe delights, to which your Youth and Fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and, which was worſe, the company of common Sea-men, that you have made it evident, you will refuſe no opportunity of rendring your ſelf uſeful to the Nation, when either your Courage or Conduct ſhall be requir'd. The ſame zeal and faithfulneſs contimes in your Bloud, which animated one of your Noble Anceſtors to ſacrifice his life in the Quarrel of his Sovereign: though, I hope, both for your ſake, and for the publick Tranquillity, the ſame occaſion will never be offer'd to your Lordſhip, and that a better Deſtiny will attend you. But I make haſte to conſider you as abſtracted from a Court, which (if you will give me leave to uſe a term of Logick) is only an Adjunct, not a Propriety of Happineſs. The Academicks, I confeſs, were willing to admit the Goods of Fortune into their Notion of Felicity; but I do not remember, that any of the Sects of old Philoſophers did ever leave a room for Greatneſs. Neither am I form'd to praiſe a Court, who admire and covet nothing, but the eaſineſs and quiet of retirement. I naturally withdraw my ſight from a Precipice; and adm't the Proſpect be never ſo large and goodly, can take no pleaſure even in looking on the downful, though I am ſecure from the danger. Methinks there's ſomething of a malignant joy in that excellent deſcription of Lucretius.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis
E terrâ magnum alterius ſpectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quenquam eſt jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipſe malis careas, quia cernere ſuave eſt.

I am

I am sure his Master Epicurus, *and my better Master* Cowley, *prefer'd the solitude of a Garden, and the conversation of a Friend to any consideration, so much as a regard, of those unhappy People, whom in our own wrong, we call the great. True greatness, if it be any where on Earth, is in a private Virtue; remov'd from the notion of Pomp and Vanity, confin'd to a contemplation of it self, and centring on it self:*

Omnis enim per se Divum natura, necesse est
Immortali ævo summâ cum pace fruatur;
——— Curâ semota, metuque
Ipsa suis pollens opibus ———

If this be not the life of a Deity, because it cannot consist with Providence; 'tis at least a godlike life: I can be contented, (and I am sure I have your Lordship of my opinion) with an humbler station in the Temple of Virtue, than to be set on the pinacle of it.

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantis quærere vitæ.

The truth is, the consideration of so vain a Creature as man, is not worth our pains. I have fool enough at home without looking for it abroad: and am a sufficient Theater to my self of ridiculous actions, without expecting company, either in a Court, a Town, or Play-house. 'Tis on this account that I am weary with drawing the deformities of Life, and Lazars of the people, where every figure of imperfection more resembles me than it can do others. If I must be condemn'd to Rhyme, I should find some ease in my change of punishment. I desire to be no longer the Sisyphus *of the Stage; to rowl up a Stone with endless labour (which to follow the Proverb,* gathers no Mosse*) and which is prepetually falling down again. I never thought my self very fit for an Employment, where many of my Predecessors have excell'd me in all kinds; and some of my Contemporaries, even in my own partial Judgment, have out-done me in* Comedy. *Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and those too, considering my abilities, may be vain, that I may make the World some part of amends, for many ill Playes, by an Heroique Poem. Your Lordship has been long acquainted with my design; the subject of which you know is great, the story English, and neither too far distant from the present Age, nor too near approaching it. Such*

it

it is my opinion that I could not have wish'd a nobler occasion to do honour by it to my King, my Country, and my Friends; most of our antient Nobility being concern'd in the Action. And your Lordship has one particular reason to promote this undertaking, because you were the first who gave me the opportunity of discoursing it to his Majesty, and his Royal Highness: They were then pleas'd, both to commend the Design, and to encourage it by their Commands. But the unsettl'dness of my condition has hitherto put a stop to my thoughts concerning it. As I am no successor to Homer *in his Wit, so neither do I desire to be in his Poverty. I can make no Rhapsodies, nor go a begging at the* Grecian *doors, while I sing the praises of their Ancestors. The times of* Virgil *please me better, because he had an* Augustus *for his Patron. And to draw the Allegory nearer you, I am sure I shall not want a* Mecænas *with him. 'Tis for your Lordship to stir up that remembrance in his Majesty, which his many avocations of business have caus'd him, I fear, to lay aside. And, (as himself and his Royal Brother are the Heroes of the Poem) to represent to them the Images of their Warlike Predecessors; as* Achilles *is said to be rous'd to Glory, with the sight of the Combat before the Ships. For my own part, I am satisfi'd to have offer'd the Design; and it may be to the advantage of my Reputation to have it refus'd me.*

In the mean time, my Lord, I take the confidence to present you with a Tragedy; the Characters of which are the neareſt to those of an Heroick Poem. 'Twas dedicated to you in my heart, before 'twas presented on the Stage. Some things in it have pass'd your approbation, and many your amendment. You were likewise pleas'd to recommend it to the King's perusal, before the last hand was added to it, when I receiv'd the favour from him, to have the most considerable event of it model'd by his Royal Pleasure. It may be some vanity in me to add his Testimony then, and which he graciously confirm'd afterwards, that it was the best of all my Tragedies; in which he has made Authentick my private opinion of it; at least, he has given it a value by his Commendation, which it had not by my Writing.

That which was not pleasing to some of the fair Ladies in the last Act of it, as I dare not vindicate, so neither can I wholly condemn, till I find more reason for their Censures. The procedure of Indamora *and* Melesinda, *seems yet, in my Judgment, natural, and not*

unbecoming

unbecoming of their Characters. If they who arraign them fail not more, the World will never blame their conduct: And I ſhall be glad, for the honour of my Countrey, to find better Images of Virtue drawn to the life in their behaviour, than any I could feign to adorn the Theatre. I confeſs, I have only repreſented a practicable Virtue, mix'd with the frailties and imperfections of humane life. I have made my Heroine *fearful of death, which neither* Caſſandra *nor* Cleopatra *would have been; and they themſelves, I doubt it not, would have out-done Romance in that particular. Yet their* Mandana *(and the* Cyrus *was written by a Lady) was not altogether ſo hard-hearted: for ſhe ſat down on the cold ground by the King of* Aſſyria, *and not only pitì'd him, who dy'd in her defence; but allow'd him ſome favours, ſuch, perhaps, as they would think, ſhould only be permitted to her* Cyrus. *I have made my* Meleſinda, *in oppoſition to* Nourmahal, *a Woman paſſionately loving of her Husband, patient of injuries and contempt, and conſtant in her kindneſs, to the laſt: and in that, perhaps, I may have err'd, becauſe it is not a Virtue much in uſe. Thoſe* Indian *Wives are loving Fools, and may do well to keep themſelves in their own Countrey, or, at leaſt, to keep company with the* Arria's *and* Portia's *of old* Rome: *ſome of our Ladies know better things. But, it may be, I am partial to my own Writings: yet I have labour'd as much as any man, to diveſt my ſelf of the ſelf-opinion of an Author; and am too well ſatisfi'd of my own weakneſs, to be pleas'd with any thing I have written. But on the other ſide, my reaſon tells me, that, in probability, what I have ſeriouſly and long conſider'd, may be as likely to be juſt and natural, as what an ordinary Judge (if there be any ſuch amongſt thoſe Ladies) will think fit, in a tranſient Preſentation, to be plac'd in the room of that which they condemn. The moſt judicious Writer is ſometimes miſtaken, after all his care: but the haſty Critick, who judges on a view, is full as liable to be deceiv'd. Let him firſt conſider all the Arguments, which the Author had, to write this, or to deſign the other, before he arraigns him of a fault: and then, perhaps, on ſecond thoughts, he will find his Reaſon oblige him to revoke his Cenſure. Yet, after all, I will not be too poſitive.* Homo ſum, humani à me nihil alienum puto. *As I am a Man, I muſt be changeable: and ſometimes the graveſt of us all are ſo, even upon ridiculous accidents. Our minds are perpetually wrought on by the temperament of our Bodies: which makes me ſuſ-*

pect, they are nearer alli'd, than either our Philosophers or School-Divines will allow them to be. I have observ'd, says Montaign, *that when the Body is out of Order, its Companion is seldom at his ease. An ill Dream, or a Cloudy day, has power to change this wretched Creature, who is so proud of a reasonable Soul, and make him think what he thought not yesterday. And* Homer *was of this opinion, as* Cicero *is pleas'd to translate him for us:*

Tales sunt hominum mentes quali pater ipse
Jupiter, auctiferâ lustravit lampade terras.

Or as the same Author, in his Thusculane Questions, speaks with more modesty than usual of himself: Nos in diem vivimus; quodcunque animos nostros probabilitate percussit, id dicimus. *'Tis not therefore impossible, but that I may alter the conclusion of my Play, to restore my self into the good Graces of my fair Criticks. And your Lordship, who is so well with them, may do me the Office of a Friend and Patron, to intercede with them on my promise of amendment. The Impotent Lover in* Petronius, *though his was a very unpardonable crime, yet was receiv'd to mercy on the terms I offer.* Summa excusationis meæ hæc est: placebo tibi, si culpam emendare permiseris.

But I am conscious to my self of offering at a greater boldness, in presenting to your view what my meanness can produce, than in any other error of my Play. And therefore make haste to break off this tedious Address, which has, I know not how, already run it self into so much of Pedantry, with an excuse of Tully's, *which he sent with his Books* De Finibus, *to his Friend* Brutus, De ipsis rebus autem, sæpenumerò Brute vereor ne reprehendar, cum hæc ad te scribam, qui tum in Poesi, (*I change it from* Philosophiâ) tum in optimo genere Poeseos tantum processeris. Quod si facerem quasi te erudiens, jure reprehenderer. Sed ab eo plurimùm absum: nec, ut ea cognoscas quæ tibi notissima sunt ad te mitto: sed quia facillimè in nomine tuo acquiesco, & quia te habeo æquissimum eorum studiorum, quæ mihi communia tecum sunt, æstimatorem & judicem. *Which you may please, my Lord, to apply to your self, from him, who is*

Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant,

DRYDEN.

Pro-

PROLOGUE.

OUR Author by experience finds it true,
'Tis much more hard to pleaſe himſelf than you:
And out of no feign'd modeſty, this day,
Damns his laborious Trifle of a Play:
Not that its worſe than what before he writ,
But he has now another taſte of Wit;
And to confeſs a truth, (though out of time)
Grows weary of his long-lov'd Miſtris, Rhyme.
Paſſion's too fierce to be in Fetters bound,
And Nature flies him like Enchanted Ground.
What Verſe can do, he has perform'd in this,
Which he preſumes the moſt correct of his:
But ſpite of all his pride a ſecret ſhame,
Invades his breaſt at *Shakeſpear*'s ſacred name:
Aw'd when he hears his Godlike *Romans* rage.
He, in a juſt deſpair, would quit the Stage.
And to an Age leſs poliſh'd, more unskill'd,
Does, with diſdain the foremoſt Honours yield.
As with the greater Dead he dares not ſtrive,
He would not match his Verſe with thoſe who live:
Let him retire, betwixt two Ages caſt,
The firſt of this, and hindmoſt of the laſt.
A loſing Gameſter, let him ſneak away;
He bears no ready Money from the Play.
The Fate which governs Poets, thought it fit,
He ſhou'd not raiſe his Fortunes by his Wit.
The Clergy thrive, and the litigious Bar;
Dull Heroes fatten with the ſpoils of War:
All Southern Vices, Heav'n be prais'd, are here;
But Wit's a luxury you think too dear.
When you to cultivate the Plant are loath,
'Tis a ſhrewd ſign 'twas never of your growth:
And Wit in Northern Climates will not blow,
Except, like *Orange-trees*, 'tis hous'd from Snow.
There needs no care to but a Play-houſe down,
'Tis the moſt deſart place of all the Town.
We and our Neighbours, to ſpeak proudly, are
Like Monarchs, ruin'd with expenſive War.
While, like wiſe *Engliſh*, unconcern'd, you ſit,
And ſee us play the Tragedy of Wit.

Perſons Repreſented	*By*
THE old Emperor.	Mr. *Mohun.*
Aureng-Zebe his Son.	Mr. *Hart.*
Morat, his younger Son.	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Arimant, Governour of *Agra.*	Mr. *Winterſhal.*
Dianet.	*Indian* Lords, or *Omrahs*, of ſeveral Factions.
Solyman.	
Mir Baba.	
Abas.	
Aſaph Chan.	
Fazel Chan.	
Nourmahal, the Empreſs.	Mrs. *Marſhal.*
Indamora, a Captive Queen.	Mrs. *Cox.*
Meleſinda, Wife to *Morat.*	Mrs. *Corbet.*
Zayda, Favourite Slave to the Empreſs.	Mrs. *Uphil.*

SCENE, *Agra*, in the Year 1660.

AURENG-

AURENG-ZEBE,
A
TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

Arimant, Asaph Chawn, Fazel Chawn.

Arim. HEav'n seems the Empire of the East to lay
On the success of this important day:
Their Arms are to the last decision bent,
And Fortune labours with the vast event:
She now has in her hand the greatest stake,
Which for contending Monarchs she can make.
What e'r can urge ambitious Youth to fight,
She pompously displays before their sight:
Laws, Empire, All permitted to the Sword,
And Fate could ne'r an ampler Scene afford.

Asaph. Four several Armies to the Field are led,
Which, high in equal hopes four Princes Head:
Indus and *Ganges*, our wide Empires Bounds,
Swell their dy'd Currents with their Natives wounds:
Each purple River winding, as he runs,
His bloudy arms about his slaughter'd Sons.

Fazel. I well remember you foretold the Storm,
When first the Brothers did their Factions form:
When each, by curs'd Cabals of Women, strove
To draw th' indulgent King to partial Love.

Arim. What Heav'n decrees, no prudence can prevent.
To cure their mad Ambition, they were sent
To rule a distant Province each alone.
What could a careful Father more have done?
He made provision against all, but Fate.

While,

While, by his health, we held our peace of State.
The weight of seventy VVinters prest him down,
He bent beneath the burthen of a Crown:
Sickness, at last, did his spent body seize,
And life almost sunk under the disease:
Mortal 'twas thought, at least by them desir'd,
VVho, impiously, into his years inquir'd:
As at a Signal, streight the Sons prepare
For open force, and rush to sudden war:
Meeting, like winds broke loose upon the Main,
To prove, by Arms, whose Fate it was to Reign.

Asaph. Rebels and Parricides!

Arim. Brand not their actions with so foul a name:
Pity, at least, what we are forc'd to blame.
When Death's cold hand has clos'd the Father's eye,
You know the younger Sons are doom'd to die.
Less ills are chosen greater to avoid,
And Nature's Laws are by the States destroy'd.
What courage tamely could to death consent,
And not, by striking first, the blow prevent?
VVho falls in fight, cannot himself accuse,
And he dies greatly who a Crown pursues.

To them, Solyman Agah.

Solym. A new Express all *Agra* does affright:
Darah and *Aureng-Zebe* are joyn'd in Fight;
The Press of people thickens to the Court,
Th' impatient crowd devouring the report.

Arim. T'each changing news they chang'd affections bring,
And servilely from fate expect a King.

Solym. The Ministers of State, who gave us Law,
In corners, with selected friends, withdraw:
There, in deaf murmurs, solemnly are wise;
Whisp'ring, like winds, ere Hurricanes arise.
The most corrupt are most obsequious grown,
And those they scorn'd, officiously they own.

Asaph. In change of Government,
The Rabble rule their great Oppressors Fate:
Do Sovereign Justice, and revenge the State.

Solym. The little Courtiers, who ne'r come to know
The depth of Factions, as in Mazes go,
VVhere Int'rests meet and cross so oft, that they
VVith too much care are wilder'd in their way.

Arim.

Arim. VVhat of the Emperor?

Solym. Unmov'd, and brave, he like himself appears,
And, meriting no ill, no danger fears:
Yet mourns his former vigour loſt ſo far,
To make him now ſpectator of a VVar:
Repining that he muſt preſerve his Crown
By any help or courage but his own:
VViſhes, each minute, he could unbeget
Thoſe Rebel-Sons, who dare t'uſurp his Seat:
To ſway his Empire with unequal skill,
And mount a Throne, which none but he can fill.

Arim. Oh! had he ſtill that Character maintain'd,
Of Valour, which in blooming Youth he gain'd,
He promis'd in his Eaſt a glorious Race;
Now, ſunk from his Meridian, ſets apace.
But as the Sun, when he from Noon declines,
And with abated heat, leſs fiercely ſhines,
Seems to grow milder as he goes away,
Pleaſing himſelf with the remains of Day:
So he who, in his Youth, for Glory ſtrove,
VVould recompence his age with Eaſe and Love.

Aſaph. The name of Father hateful to him grows,
VVhich, for one Son, produces him three foes.

Fazel. *Darah*, the eldeſt, bears a generous mind;
But to implacable revenge inclin'd.
Too openly does Love and hatred ſhow:
A bounteous Maſter, but a deadly foe.

Solym. From *Sujah*'s valour I ſhould much expect,
But he's a *Bigot* of the *Perſian* Sect:
And, by a Foreign Int'reſt ſeeks to Reign,
Hopeleſs by Love the Sceptre to obtain.

Aſaph. *Morat*'s too inſolent, too much a Brave,
His Courage to his Envy is a Slave.
VVhat he attempts, if his endeavours fail
T'effect, he is reſolv'd no other ſhall.

Arim. But *Aureng-Zebe*, by no ſtrong paſſion ſway'd,
Except his Love, more temp'rate is, and weigh'd.
This *Atlas* muſt our ſinking State uphold;
In Council cool, but in performance bold:
He ſums their Virtues in himſelf alone,
And adds the greateſt, of a Loyal Son:
His Father's Cauſe upon his Sword he wears,
And with his Arms, we hope, his fortune bears.

Solym. Two vaſt Rewards may well his courage move,

A parent's

A parent's bleſſing, and a Miſtris Love.
If he ſucceed, his recompence, we hear,
Muſt be the Captive Queen of *Caſſimere*.

To them, Abas.

Abas. Miſchiefs on miſchiefs, greater ſtill, and more:
The neighb'ring plain with arms is cover'd o'r:
The Vale an Iron-Harveſt ſeems to yield
Of thick-ſprung Lances in a waving Field.
The poliſh'd Steel gleams terribly from far,
And every moment nearer ſhows the War.
The Horſes Neighing by the Wind is blown.
And Caſtl'd-Elephants o'r-look the Town.
Arim. If, as I fear, *Morat* theſe pow'rs commands,
Our Empire on the brink of ruine ſtands:
Th' ambitious Empreſs with her Son is joyn'd,
And, in his Brother's abſence, has deſign'd
The unprovided Town to take with eaſe,
And then, the perſon of the King to ſeize.
Solym. To all his former Iſſue ſhe has ſhown
Long hate, and labour'd to advance her own.
Abas. Theſe Troops are his.
Surat he took; and thence, preventing Fame,
By quick and painful Marches hither came.
Since his approach, he to his Mother ſent,
And two long hours in cloſe debate were ſpent.
Arim. I'll to my Charge, the Cittadel, repair,
And ſhow my duty by my timely care.

To them the Emperor *with a Letter in his hand: after him, an* Ambaſſador, *with a Train following.*

Aſaph. But ſee, the Emperour! a fiery red
His Brows and glowing Temples does o'r-ſpread,
Morat has ſome diſpleaſing Meſſage ſent.
Amb. Do not, great Sir, miſconſtrue his intent;
Not call Rebellion what was prudent care,
To guard himſelf by neceſſary War:
While he believ'd you living, he obey'd:
His Governments but as your Vice-Roy ſway'd:
But, when he thought you gone,

T'augment

T'augment the number of the bleſs'd above,
He deem'd 'em Legacies of Royal love:
Nor arm'd his brothers Portions to invade,
But to defend the Preſent you had made.

Emp. By frequent Meſſages, and ſtrict Commands,
He knew my pleaſure to diſcharge his bands:
Proof of my life my Royal Signet made;
Yet ſtill he arm'd, came on, and diſobey'd.

Amb. He thought the *Mandat* forg'd, your death conceal'd:
And but delay'd, till truth ſhould be reveal'd;

Emp. News of my death from Rumor he receiv'd;
And what he wiſh'd, he eaſily believ'd:
But long demurr'd, though from my hand he knew
I liv'd, ſo loth he was to think it true.
Since he pleads ignorance to that command,
Now let him ſhow his Duty, and disband.

Amb. His Honour, Sir, will ſuffer in the Cauſe,
He yields his Arms unjuſt if he withdraws:
And begs his Loyalty may be declar'd,
By owning thoſe he leads to be your guard.

Emp. I, in my ſelf, have all the Guard I need;
Bid the preſumptuous Boy draw off with ſpeed:
If his audacious Troops one hour remain,
My Cannon from the Fort ſhall ſcour the Plain.

Amb. Since you deny him entrance, he demands
His Wife, whom cruelly you hold in bands:
Her, if unjuſtly you from him detain,
He juſtly will by force of Arms regain.

Emp. O'r him, and his, a right from Heaven I have;
Subject, and Son, he's doubly born my Slave.
But whatſoe'r his own demerits are,
Tell him, I ſhall not make on Women, War.
And yet I'll do her Innocence the grace,
To keep her here, as in the ſafer place.
But thou, who dar'ſt this bold defiance bring,
May'ſt feel the rage of an offended King.
Hence from my ſight, without the leaſt reply:
One word, nay, one look more, and thou ſhalt die.

[*Exit Ambaſſador.*

Re-enter Arimant.

Arim. May Heav'n, great Monarch, still augment your bliss,
With length of days, and every day like this.
For, from the Banks of *Gemna* news is brought,
Your Army has a bloudy Battel fought:
Darah from Loyal *Aureng-Zebe* is fled;
And forty thousand of his Men lie dead.
To *Sujah* next your conquering Army drew;
Him they surpris'd, and easily o'r-threw.

Emp. 'Tis well.

Arim. But well! what more could at your wish be done,
Than two such Conquests gain'd by such a Son?
Your pardon, mighty Sir;
You seem not high enough your joys to rate;
You stand indebted a vast summ to Fate:
And should large thanks for the great blessing pay.

Emp. My fortune owes me greater every day.
And, should my joy more high for this, appear,
It would have argu'd me before of fear.
How is Heav'n kind; where I have nothing won,
And fortune only pays me with my own?

Arim. Great *Aureng-Zebe* did duteous care express;
And durst not push too far his good success.
But lest *Morat* the City should attack,
Commanded his victorious Army back;
Which, left to march as swiftly as they may,
Himself comes first, and will be here this day,
Before a close form'd Siege shut up his way.

Emp. Prevent his purpose, hence, hence with all thy speed.
Stop him; his entrance to the Town forbid.

Arim. How, Sir? your Loyal, your Victorious Son?

Emp. Him would I, more than all the Rebels, shun.

Arim. Whom with your pow'r and fortune, Sir, you trust;
Now to suspect is vain, as 'tis unjust.
He comes not with a Train to move your fear,
But trusts himself, to be a prisoner here.
You knew him brave, you know him faithful now:
He aims at Fame, but Fame from serving you.
'Tis said, Ambition in his breast does rage:
Who would not be the *Hero* of an age?
All grant him prudent: prudence interest weighs,
And interest bids him seek your love and praise.

I know

I know you grateful; when he march'd from hence,
You bad him hope an ample recompence:
He conquer'd in that hope; and from your hands,
His Love, the precious pledge he left, demands.
Emp. No more; you search too deep my wounded mind:
And ſhow me what I fear, and would not find.
My Son has all the debts of duty paid:
Our Prophet ſends him to my preſent aid.
Such virtue to diſtruſt were baſe and low:
I'm not ungrateful ——— or I was not ſo!
Inquire no farther, ſtop his coming on:
I will not, cannot, dare not ſee my Son.
Arim. 'Tis now too late his entrance to prevent:
Nor muſt I to your ruine give conſent.
At once your Peoples heart and Son's you loſe:
And give him all, when you juſt things refuſe.
Emp. Thou lov'ſt me ſure; thy faith has oft been tri'd,
In ten pitch'd Fields, not ſhrinking from my ſide,
Yet giv'ſt me no advice to bring me eaſe.
Arim. Can you be cur'd, and tell not your diſeaſe?
I ask'd you, Sir.
Emp. ——— Thou ſhould'ſt have ask'd again:
There hangs a ſecret ſhame on guilty men.
Thou ſhouldſt have pull'd the ſecret from my breaſt,
Torn out the bearded Steel to give me reſt:
At leaſt, thou ſhould'ſt have gueſs'd ———
Yet thou art honeſt, thou could'ſt ne'er have gueſs'd.
Haſt thou been never baſe? did Love ne'r bend
Thy frailer Virtue, to betray thy Friend?
Flatter me, make thy Court, and ſay, It did:
Kings in a Crowd would have their Vices hid.
We would be kept in count'nance, ſav'd from ſhame:
And own'd by others who commit the ſame.
Nay, now I have confeſs'd. ———
Thou ſeeſt me naked, and without diſguiſe:
I look on *Aureng-Zebe* with Rivals eyes.
He has abroad my enemies o'recome,
And I have fought to ruin him at home.
Arim. This free confeſſion ſhows you long did ſtrive:
And Virtue, though oppreſt, is ſtill alive.
But what ſucceſs did your injuſtice find?
Emp. What it deſerv'd, and not what I deſign'd.
Unmov'd ſhe ſtood, and deaf to all my prayers,
As Seas and winds to ſinking Mariners.

But Seas grow calm, and winds are reconcil'd:
Her Tyrant beauty never grows more mild.
Prayers, promiſes, and threats were all in vain.

Arim. Then cure your ſelf by generous diſdain.

Emp. Virtue, diſdain, deſpair, I oft have tri'd,
And foil'd, have with new arms my Foe defi'd,
This made me with ſo little joy to hear
The Victory, when I the Victor fear.

Arim. Something you ſwiftly muſt reſolve to do,
Leſt *Aureng Zebe* your ſecret Love ſhould know.
Morat without does for your ruine wait;
And would you loſe the buckler of your State?
A jealous Empreſs lies within your Arms,
Too haughty to endure neglected Charms,
Your Son is duteous, but (as Man) he's frail:
And juſt revenge o'r vertue may prevail.

Emp. Go then to *Indamora*, ſay from me,
Two Lives depend upon her ſecrecy.
Bid her conceal my paſſion from my Son.
Though *Aureng Zebe* return a Conqueror,
Both he and ſhe are ſtill within my power.
Say, I'm a Father, but a Lover too:
Much to my Son, more to my ſelf I owe.
When ſhe receives him, to her words give Law:
And even the kindneſs of her glances awe.
See, he appears!

[*After a ſhort whiſper*, Arimant *departs.*

Enter Aureng-Zebe, Dianet, *and Attendants.* Aureng-Zebe *kneels to his Father, and kiſſes his hand.*

Aur. My Vows have been ſucceſsful as my Sword:
My prayers are heard, you have your health reſtor'd.
Once more 'tis given me to behold your face:
The beſt of Kings and Fathers to embrace.
Pardon my tears; 'tis joy which bids 'em flow,
A joy which never was ſincere till now.
That which my Conqueſt gave I could not prize;
Or 'twas imperfect till I ſaw your eyes.

Emp. Turn the diſcourſe: I have a reaſon why
I would not have you ſpeak ſo tenderly.
Knew you what ſhame your kind expreſſions bring,
You would in pity ſpare a wretched King.

Aur. A King! you rob me, Sir, of half my due:

You

You have a dearer name, a Father too.

Emp. I had that name.

Aur.——What have I said or done,
That I no longer must be call'd your Son?
'Tis in that name, Heaven knows, I glory more,
Than that of Prince, or that of Conqueror.

Emp. Then you upbraid me; I am pleas'd to see
You're not so perfect, but can fail, like me.
I have no God to deal with.

Aur.——Now I find
Some slie Court-Devil has seduc'd your mind:
Fill'd it with black suspicions, not your own:
And all my actions through false Opticks shown.
I ne'r did Crowns ambitiously regard
Honour I sought, the generous mind's reward.
Long may you live! while you the Scepter sway,
I shall be still most happy to obey.

Emp. Oh, *Aureng-Zebe*! thy virtues shine too bright,
They flash too fierce: I, like the Bird of Night,
Shut my dull eyes, and sicken at the sight.
Thou hast deserv'd more love than I can show:
But 'tis thy fate to give, and mine to owe.
Thou seest me much distemper'd in my mind:
Pull'd back, and then push'd forward to be kind.
Virtue, and——fain I would my silence break,
But have not yet the confidence to speak,
Leave me, and to thy needful rest repair.

Aur. Rest is not suiting with a Lover's care.
I have not yet my *Indamora* seen. [*Is going.*

Emp. Somewhat I had forgot, come back again:
So weary of a Father's company!

Aur. Sir, you were pleas'd your self to license me.

Emp. You made me no relation of the Fight,
Besides, a Rebel's Army is in sight.
Advise me first: yet go——
He goes to *Indamora*; I should take [*Aside.*
A kind of envious joy to keep him back.
Yet to detain him makes my love appear:
I hate his presence, and his absence fear. [*Exit.*

Aur. To some new Clime, or to thy native Sky,
O friendless and forsaken virtue flie.
Thy *Indian* Air is deadly to thee grown:
Deceit and canker'd malice rule thy Throne.
Why did my Arms in battel prosp'rous prove,

To

To gain the barren praise of Filial love?
The best of Kings by Women is misled,
Charm'd by the Witchcraft of a second Bed.
Againſt my ſelf I Victories have wonn,
And by my fatal abſence am undone.

To him Indamora, *with* Animant.

But here ſhe comes!
In the calm Harbour of whoſe gentle breaſt,
My Tempeſt-beaten Soul may ſafely reſt,
Oh, my heart's joy! what e'r my ſorrows be,
They ceaſe and vaniſh, in beholding thee!
Care ſhuns thy walks; as at the cheerful light,
The groaning Ghoſts, and Birds obſcene take flight.
By this one view, all my paſt pains are paid:
And all I have to come more eaſie made.

Ind. Such fullen Planets at my Birth did ſhine,
They threated every Fortune given with mine.
Fly the purſuit of my diſaſtrous love,
And from unhappy Neighbourhood remove.

Aur. Bid the laborious Hind,
Whoſe hardned hands did long in Tillage toil,
Neglect the promis'd harveſt of the Soil,
Should I, who cultivated Love with blood,
Refuſe poſſeſſion of approaching good?

Ind. Love is an aery good Opinion makes:
Which he who only thinks he has, partakes.
Seen by a ſtrong Imagination's Beam;
That tricks and dreſſes up the gaudy Dream.
Preſented ſo, with rapture 'tis enjoy'd:
Rais'd by high Fancy, and by low deſtroy'd.

Aur. If Love be Viſion, mine has all the fire
Which, in firſt Dreams, young Prophets does inſpire:
I dream, in you, our promis'd Paradiſe: ——
An Ages tumult of continu'd bliſs.
But you have ſtill your happineſs in doubt:
Or elſe 'tis paſt, and you have dream'd it out.

Ind. Perhaps not ſo.

Aur. —— Can *Indamora* prove
So alter'd? Is it but, Perhaps you Love?
Then farewel all! I thought in you to find
A Balm, to cure my much diſtemper'd mind.
I came to grieve a Father's heart eſtrang'd;

But

But little thought to find a Mistris chang'd.
Nature her self is chang'd to punish me:
Virtue turn'd Vice, and Faith Inconstancy.

Ind. You heard me not Inconstancy confess:
'Twas but a Friend's advice to love me less.
Who knows what adverse fortune may befal?
Arm well your mind: hope little, and fear all.
Hope, with a goodly prospect, feeds your Eye:
Shows, from a rising ground, possession nigh:
Shortens the distance, or o'r-looks it quite:
So easie 'tis to travel with the sight.

Aur. Then to despair you would my Love betray,
By taking hope, its last kind Friend, away.
You hold the Glass, but turn the Perspective;
And farther off the lessen'd Object drive.
You bid me fear; in that your change I know:
You would prepare me for the coming blow.
But, to prevent you, take my last Adieu;
I'll sadly tell my self you are untrue,
Rather than stay to hear it told by you. [*Going.*

Ind. Stay, *Aureng-Zebe*, I must not let you go.
And yet believe your self, your own worst Foe,
Think I am true, and seek no more to know.
Let in my breast the fatal Secret lie,
'Tis a sad Riddle, which, if known, we die. [*Seeming to pause.*

Aur. Fair Hypocrite, you seek to cheat in vain;
Your silence argues you ask time to feign.
Once more, farewel: the snare in sight is laid,
'Tis my own fault if I am now betray'd. [*Going again.*

Ind. Yet once more stay; you shall believe me true,
Though in one Fate I wrap my self and you.
Your absence ——

Arim. ——Hold; you know the hard Command
I must obey: you only can withstand
Your own mishap. I beg you on my Knee,
Be not unhappy by your own Decree.

Aur. Speak, Madam, by (if that be yet an Oath)
Your Love, I'm pleas'd we should be ruin'd both.
Both is a sound of joy.
In Death's dark Bow'rs our bridals we will keep;
And his cold hand
Shall draw the Curtain when we go to sleep.

Ind. Know then, that Man whom both of us did trust,
Has been to you unkind, to me unjust.

The

The Guardian of my Faith so false did prove,
As to solicite me with lawless Love:
Pray'd, promis'd, threaten'd, all that Man could do,
Base as he's great; and need I tell you who?

Aur. Yes; for I'll not believe my Father meant:
Speak quickly, and my impious thoughts prevent.

Ind. Yo've said; I wish I could some other name!

Arim. My duty must excuse me, Sir, from blame.
A Guard there.

Enter Guards.

Aur. ——— Slave, for me?

Arim. ——— My Orders are
To seize this Princess, whom the Laws of war
Long since made Prisoner.

Aur. ——— Villain.

Arim. ——— Sir, I know
Your Birth, nor durst another call me so.

Aur. I have redeem'd her; and as mine she's free.

Arim. You may have right to give her liberty:
But with your Father, Sir, that right dispute;
For his commands to me were absolute;
If she disclos'd his love, to use the right
Of War, and to secure her from your sight.

Aur. I'll rescue her, or die. [*Draws.*
And you, my friends, though few, are yet too brave
To see your Gen'rals Mistris made a Slave. [*All draw.*

Ind. Hold, my dear Love! if so much pow'r there lies,
As once you own'd, in *Indamora*'s Eyes,
Lose not the Honour you have early wonn;
But stand the blameless pattern of a Son.
My love your claim inviolate secures:
'Tis writ in Fate, I can be only yours.
My sufferings for you make your heart my due:
Be worthy me, as I am worthy you.

Aur. (*Putting up his Sword.*) I've thought, and blest'd be you who gave me time:
My Virtue was surpris'd into a Crime.
Strong Virtue, like strong Nature, struggles still:
Exerts it self, and then throws off the ill.
I to a Son's and Lover's praise aspire:
And must fulfil the parts which both require.
How dear the cure of jealousie has cost!

With

With too much care and tenderneſs y'are loſt.
So the fond Youth from Hell redeem'd his Prize,
Till looking back, ſhe vaniſh'd from his eyes! [*Exeunt* ſeverally.

ACT II.

Betwixt the Acts, a Warlike Tune is plaid, ſhooting off Guns, and ſhouts of Souldiers are heard, as in an Aſſault.

Aureng-Zebe, Arimant, Aſaph, Chawn, Fazel Chawn, Solyman.

Aur. WHat man could do, was by *Morat* perform'd:
The Fortreſs thrice himſelf in perſon ſtorm'd.
Your valour bravely did th' Aſſault ſuſtain;
And fill'd the Moats and Ditches with the Slain.
Till, mad with rage, into the Breach he fir'd:
Slew friends and foes, and in the Smoak retir'd.

Arim. To us you give what praiſes are not due:
Morat was thrice repuls'd, but thrice by you.
High, over all, was your great conduct ſhown:
You ſought our ſafety, but forgot your own.

Aſaph. Their Standard, planted on the Battlement,
Deſpair and death among the Souldiers ſent:
You, the bold *Omrah* tumbled from the VVall;
And ſhouts of Victory purſu'd his fall.

Fazel. To you, alone, we owe this proſp'rous day;
Our VVives and Children reſcu'd from the prey:
Know your own intereſt, Sir, where e'r you lead,
VVe joyntly vow to own no other Head.

Solym. Your wrongs are known. Impoſe but your commands;
This hour ſhall bring you twenty thouſand hands.

Aur. Let them who truly would appear my friends,
Employ their Swords, like mine, for noble ends.
No more: remember you have bravely done:
Shall Treaſon end, what Loyalty begun?
I own no wrongs; ſome grievance I confeſs,
But Kings, like Gods, at their own time redreſs.
Yet, ſome becoming boldneſs, I may uſe

I've well deserv'd, nor will he now refuse. [*Aside.*
I'll strike my Fortunes with him at a heat,
And give him not the leisure to forget.
[*Exit, attended by the* Omrahs.

Arim. Oh! *Indamora*, hide these fatal Eyes;
Too deep they wound whom they too soon surprise:
My Virtue, Prudence, Honour, Interest, All
Before this Universal Monarch fall.
Beauty, like Ice, our footing does betray;
Who can tread safe on the smooth slippery way?
Pleas'd with the passage, we slide swiftly on:
And see the dangers which we cannot shun.

To him Indamora.

Ind. I hope my liberty may reach thus far:
These Terras Walks within my limits are.
I came to seek you, and to let you know,
How much I to your generous Pity owe.
The King, when he design'd you for my Guard,
Resolv'd he would not make my bondage hard:
If otherwise, you have deceiv'd his end;
And whom he meant a Guardian, made a friend.

Arim. A Guardian's Title I must own with shame:
But should be prouder of another name.

Ind. And therefore 'twas I chang'd that name before:
I call'd you friend, and could you wish for more?

Arim. I dare not ask for what you would not grant:
But wishes, Madam, are extravagant.
They are not bounded with things possible:
I may wish more than I presume to tell:
Desire's the vast extent of humane mind,
It mounts above, and leaves poor hope behind.
I could wish ——

Ind. What?

Arim. Why did you speak? you've dash'd my fancy quite:
Ev'n in th' approaching minute of delight.
I must take breath ——
Ere I the Rapture of my wish renew,
And tell you then, It terminates in you.

Ind. Have you consider'd what th' event would be?
Or know you, *Arimant*, your self, or me?
Were I no Queen, did you my beauty weigh,
My youth in bloom, your Age in its decay?

Arim.

Arim. I my own Judge, condemn'd my self before:
For pity aggravate my crime no more.
So weak I am, I with a frown am slain;
You need have us'd but half so much disdain.

Ind. I am not cruel yet to that degree:
Have better thoughts both of your self, and me.
Beauty a Monarch is,
VVhich Kingly power magnificently proves,
By crouds of Slaves, and peopled Empire loves.
And such a Slave as you, what Queen would lose?
Above the rest, I *Arimant* would chuse:
For counsel, valour, truth, and kindness too,
All I could wish in man, I find in you.

Arim. What Lover could to greater joy be rais'd!
I am, methinks, a God by you thus prais'd.

Ind. To what may not desert, like yours, pretend?
You have all qualities——that fit a friend.

Arim. So Mariners mistake the promis'd Coast:
And, with full Sails, on the blind Rocks are lost.
Think you my aged veins so faintly beat,
They rise no higher than to Friendships heat?
So weak your Charms, that, like a Winter's night,
Twinkling with Stars, they freez me while they light?

Ind. Mistake me not, good *Arimant*, I know
My Beauty's pow'r, and what my charms can do.
You your own Talent have not learn'd so well;
But practise one, where you can ne'r excel.
You can at most,
To an indiff'rent Lover's praise pretend:
But you would spoil an admirable friend.

Arim. Never was Amity so highly priz'd;
Nor ever any Love so much despis'd.
Ev'n to my self ridiculous I grow;
And would be angry, if I knew but how.

Ind. Do not. Your anger, like your Love, is vain:
VVhen e're I please, you must be pleas'd again.
Knowing what pow'r I have your will to bend,
I'll use it; for I need just such a Friend.
You must perform, not what you think is fit:
But, to what ever I propose, submit.

Arim. Madam, you have a strange Ascendant gain'd;
You use me like a Courser; spurr'd and rein'd:
If I fly out, my fiercenes you command,
Then sooth, and gently stroke me with your hand.

Impose; but use your pow'r of Taxing well:
When Subjects cannot Pay, they soon Rebel.

Enter the Emperor, *unseen by them.*

Ind. My Rebels punishment would easie prove:
You know y'are in my pow'r by making love.
Arim. Would I, without dispute, your will obey,
And could you, in return, my life betray?
Emp. What danger, *Arimant*, is this you fear?
Or what Love secret which I must not hear?
These alter'd looks some inward motion show.
His cheeks are pale, and yours with blushes glow. [*To her.*
Ind. 'Tis what, with justice, may my anger move:
He has been bold, and talk'd to me of Love.
Arim. I am betray'd, and shall be doom'd to die! [*Aside.*
Emp. Did he, my Slave, presume to look so high?
That crawling Insect, who from Mud began,
Warm'd by my Beams, and kindl'd into man?
Durst he, who does but for my pleasure live,
Intrench on love, my great Prerogative?
Print his base Image on his Sovereign's Coin?
'Tis Treason if he stamp his Love with mine.
Arim. 'Tis true, I have been bold; but if it be
A crime ——
Ind. —— He means, 'tis only so to me.
You, Sir, should praise, what I must disapprove:
He insolently talk'd to me of Love:
But, Sir, 'twas yours, he made it in your name:
You, if you please, may all he said disclaim.
Emp. I must disclaim what e'r he can express:
His groveling sense will show my passion less.
But stay, if what he said my message be,
What fear, what danger could arrive from me?
He said, He fear'd you would his life betray.
Ind. Should he presume again, perhaps I may.
Though in your hands he hazard not his life,
Remember, Sir, your fury of a Wife;
Who, not content to be reveng'd on you,
The Agents of your passion will pursue.
Emp. If I but hear her nam'd, I'm sick that day;
The sound is mortal, and frights life away.
Forgive me, *Arimant*, my jealous thought:
Distrust in lovers is the tender's fault.

Leave

Leave me, and tell thy ſelf in my excuſe,
Love, and a Crown, no Rivalſhip can bear;
And precious things are ſtill poſſeſs'd with fear.

[*Exit* Arimant *bowing.*

This, Madam, my excuſe to you may plead;
Love ſhould forgive the faults which love has made.

Ind. From me, what pardon can you hope to have,
Robb'd of my love, and treated as a Slave?

Emp. Force is the laſt relief which Lovers find:
And 'tis the beſt excuſe of Woman-kind.

Ind. Force never yet a generous Heart did gain:
We yield on parley, but are ſtorm'd in vain.
Conſtraint, in all things, makes the pleaſure leſs;
Sweet is the love which comes with willingneſs.

Emp. No; 'tis reſiſtance that inflames deſire:
Sharpens the Darts of love, and blows his Fire.
Love is diſarm'd that meets with too much eaſe:
He languiſhes, and does not care to pleaſe.
And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit you guard
With ſo much care, to make poſſeſſion hard.

Ind. Was't not enough you took my Crown away,
But cruelly you muſt my Love betray?
I was well pleas'd to have transferr'd my right,
And better chang'd your Claim of Lawleſs might,
By taking him, whom you eſteem'd above
Your other Sons, and taught me firſt to love.

Emp. My Son, by my command his courſe muſt ſteer:
I bad him love, I bid him now forbear.
If you have any kindneſs for him ſtill,
Adviſe him not to ſhock a Father's will.

Ind. Muſt I adviſe?
Then let me ſee him, and I'll try t'obey.

Emp. I had forgot, and dare not truſt your way.
But ſend him word,
He has not here an Army to command:
Remember he and you are in my hand.

Ind. Yes, in a Father's hand, whom he has ſerv'd;
And, with the hazard of his life, preſerv'd.
But piety to you, unhappy Prince,
Becomes a crime, and duty an offence:
Againſt your ſelf, you with your Foes combine,
And ſeem your own diſtruction to deſign.

Emp. You may be pleas'd your Politiques to ſpare:
I'm old enough, and can my ſelf take care.

Ind.

Ind. Advice from me was, I confess, too bold:
Y'are old enough it may be, Sir, too old.

Emp. You please your self with your contempt of Age:
But love, neglected, will convert to Rage.
If on your head my fury does not turn,
Thank that fond dotage which so much you scorn.
But, in another's person, you may prove,
There's warmth for Vengeance left, though not for Love.

Re-enter Arimant.

Arimant. The Empress has the Anti-chambers past,
And this way moves with a disorder'd haste:
Her brows, the stormy marks of anger bear.

Emp. Madam, retire: she must not find you here.

[*Exit* Indamora *with* Arimant.

Enter. Nourmahal *hastily.*

Nour. What have I done, that *Nourmahal* must prove
The scorn and triumph of a Rival's Love?
My eyes are still the same, each glance, each grace,
Keep their first lustre, and maintain their place;
Not second yet to any other face.

Emp. What rage transports you? are you well awake?
Such Dreams distracted minds in Feavers make.

Nour. Those Feavers you have giv'n, those Dreams have bred,
By broken Faith, and an abandon'd Bed.
Such Visions hourly pass before my sight,
Which from my eyes their Balmy slumbers fright,
In the severest silence of the night.
Visions, which in this Cittadel are seen;
Bright, glorious Visions of a Rival Queen.

Emp. Have patience, my first flames can ne'r decay:
These are but Dreams, and soon will pass away.
Thou know'st, my Heart, my Empire, all is thine:
In thy own Heav'n of Love serenely shine.
Fair as the face of Nature did appear,
When Flowers first peep'd, and Trees did Blossoms bear,
And Winter had not yet deform'd the inverted Year.
Calm as the Breath which fans our Eastern Groves,
And bright as when thy eyes first lighted up our Loves.
Let our eternal Peace be seal'd by this,
With the first ardour of a Nuptial Kiss.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Nour.

Nour. Me would you have, me your faint kisses prove,
The dregs and droppings of enervate Love?
Must I your cold long-labouring age sustain,
And be to empty joys provok'd in vain?
Receive you sighing after other Charms,
And take an absent Husband in my Arms?

Emp. Even these reproaches I can bear from you:
You doubted of my Love, believe it true.
Nothing but Love this patience could produce;
And I allow your rage that kind excuse.

Nour. Call it not patience; 'tis your guilt stands mute;
You have a cause too foul to bear dispute.
You wrong me first, and urge my rage to rise,
Then I must pass for mad; you, meek and wise,
Good man, plead merit by your soft replies.
Vain priviledge poor Women have of tongue:
Men can stand silent, and resolve on wrong.

Emp. What can I more? my friendship you refuse,
And even my mildness, as my crime, accuse.

Nour. Your sullen silence cheats not me, false Man;
I know you think the bloudiest things you can,
Could you accuse me, you would raise your Voice;
Watch for my crimes, and in my guilt rejoyce.
But my known virtue is from scandal free,
And leaves no shadow for your calumny.

Emp. Such virtue is the plague of humane life:
A virtuous Woman, but a cursed VVife.
In vain of pompous chastity y'are proud:
Virtue's adultery of the Tongue, when loud,
I, with less pain, a Prostitute could bear,
Than the shrill sound of Virtue, virtue hear.
In unchaste VVives ——— :
There's yet a kind of recompensing ease:
Vice keeps 'em humble, gives 'em care to please:
But against clamorous Virtue, what defence?
It stops our mouths, and gives your noise pretence.

Nour. Since Virtue does your indignation raise,
'Tis pity but you had that VVife you praise.
Your own wild appetites are prone to range;
And then you tax our humours with your change.

Emp. VVhat can be sweeter than our native home!
Thither for ease, and soft repose, we come:
Home is the sacred refuge of our life;
Secur'd from all approaches, but a VVife.

If thence we fly, the cauſe admits no doubt:
None but an Inmate Foe could force us out.
Clamours, our privacies uneaſie make:
Birds leave their Neſts diſturb'd, and Beaſts their Haunts forſake.

Nour. Honour's my crime that has your loathing bred:
You take no pleaſure in a virtuous bed.

Emp. What pleaſure can there be in that eſtate,
Which your unquietneſs has made we hate?
I ſhrink far off ——
Diſſembling ſleep, but wakeful with the fright.
The day takes off the pleaſure of the night.

Nour. My thoughts no other joys but pow'r purſue:
Or, if they did, they muſt be loſt in you.
And yet the fault's not mine ——
Though Youth and beauty cannot warmth command;
The Sun in vain ſhines on the barren Sand.

Emp. 'Tis true, of Marriage bands I'm weary grown.
Love ſcorns all ties; but thoſe that are his own.
Chains that are dragg'd, muſt needs uneaſie prove:
For there's a God-like liberty in love.

Nour. What's Love to you?
The bloom of beauty other years demands;
Nor will be gather'd by ſuch wither'd hands:
You importune it with a falſe deſire:
Which ſparkles out, and maks no ſolid fire.
This impudence of Age, whence can it ſpring?
All you expect, and yet you nothing bring.
Eager to aſk, when you are paſt a grant;
Nice in providing what you cannot want.
Have conſcience, give not her you love this pain:
Sollicite not your ſelf, and her, in vain.
All other Debts may compenſation find: ——
But love is ſtrict, and will be paid in kind.

Emp. Sure of all ills, Domeſtic are the worſt,
When moſt ſecure of bleſſings, we are curſt.
When we lay next us what we hold moſt dear,
Like *Hercules*, invenom'd Shirts we wear,
And cleaving miſchiefs.

Nour. —— What you merit, have?
And ſhare, at leaſt, the miſeries you gave.
Your days, I will alarm, I'll haunt your nights:
And, worſe than Age, diſable your delights:
May your ſick Fame ſtill languiſh, thrift decay,
All Offices of Pow'r neglected lie,
And you grow cheap in every Subject's eye.

Then,

Then, as the greateſt Curſe that I can give;
Unpiti'd, be depos'd; and after live. [*Going off.*

Emp. Stay; and now learn,
How criminal ſoe'r we Husbands are,
'Tis not for Wives to puſh our crimes too far.
Had you ſtill Miſtris of your temper been,
I had been modeſt, and not own'd my Sin.
Your fury hardens me: and what e'r wrong
You ſuffer, you have cancell'd by your tongue.
A Guard there; ſeize her: ſhe ſhall know this hour,
What is a Husband's and a Monarch's pow'r.

[*Guard ſeizes her.*

Enter Aureng Zebe.

Nour. I ſee for whom your Charter you maintain:
I muſt be fetter'd, and my Son be ſlain,
That *Zelyma*'s ambitious Race may reign.
Not ſo you promis'd, when my beauty drew
All *Aſia*'s Vows; when *Perſia* left for you
The Realm of *Candahar* for Dow'r I brought:
That long contended Prize for which you fought.

Aur. The name of Step-mother, your practis'd art,
By which you have eſtrang'd my Father's heart,
All you have done againſt me, or deſign,
Shows your averſion, but begets not mine.
Long may my Father *India*'s Empire guide:
And may no breach your Nuptial Vows divide.

Emp. Since Love obliges not, I from this hour,
Aſſume the right of Man's Deſpotic pow'r:
Man is by Nature form'd your Sexes head:
And is himſelf the Canon of his Bed.
In Bands of Iron fetter'd you ſhall be:
An eaſier yoke than what you put on me.

Aur. Though much I fear my int'reſt is not great, [*Kneeling.*
Let me your Royal Clemency intreat.
Secrets of Marriage ſtill are Sacred held:
There ſweet and bitter by the wiſe conceal'd.
Errors of Wives reflect on Husbands ſtill:
And, when divulg'd, proclaim you've choſen ill.
And the myſterious pow'r of bed and Throne,
Should always be maintain'd, but rarely ſhown.

Emp. To ſo perverſe a Sex all Grace is vain:
It gives 'em courage to offend again:

For with feign'd tears they penitence pretend:
Again are pardon'd, and again offend.
Fathom our pity when they ſeem to grieve;
Only to try how far we can forgive.
Till lanching out into a Sea of ſtrife,
They ſcorn all pardon, and appear all Wife.
But be it as you pleaſe: for your lov'd ſake,
This laſt and fruitleſs trial I will make.
In all requeſts, your right of merit uſe:
And know, There is but one I can refuſe.

[*He ſigns to the Guards, and they remove from the Empreſs.*

Nour. You've done enough, for you deſign'd my Chains:
The Grace is vaniſh'd, but th' Affront remains.
Nor is't a Grace, or for his merit done;
You durſt no farther, for you fear'd my Son.
This you have gain'd by the rough courſe you prove;
I'm paſt Repentance, and you paſt my Love. [*Exit.*

Emp. A Spirit ſo untam'd the world ne'r bore.

Aur. And yet worſe uſage had incens'd her more.
But ſince by no obligement ſhe is ti'd,
You muſt betimes for your defence provide.
I cannot idle in your danger ſtand;
But beg once more I may your Arms command:
Two Battels your auſpicious Cauſe has wonn;
My Sword can perfect what it has begun,
And, from your Walls, diſlodge that haughty Son.

Emp. My Son, your valour has, this day, been ſuch,
None can enough admire, or praiſe too much.
But now, with reaſon, your ſucceſs I doubt:
Her Faction's ſtrong within, his Arms without.

Aur. I left the City in a Panic fright:
Lions they are in Council, Lambs in fight.
But my own Troops, by *Mirzah* led, are near:
I, by to morrow's dawn, expect 'em here.
To favour 'em, I'll ſally out ere day:
And through our ſlaughter'd foes enlarge their way.

Emp. Age has not yet
So ſhrunk my Sinews, or ſo chill'd my Veins,
But conſcious Virtue in my breaſt remains.
But had I now
That ſtrength, with which my boiling Youth was fraught;
When in the Vale of *Balaſor* I fought,
And from *Bengale* their Captive Monarch brought;

When

When Elephant 'gainſt Elephant did rear
His Trunk, and Caſtles juſtl'd in the air;
My Sword thy way to Victory had ſhown:
And ow'd the Conqueſt to it ſelf alone.
Aur. Thoſe fair Idea's to my aid I'll call,
And emulate my great Original.
Or, if they fail, I will invoke in Arms,
The pow'r of Love, and *Indamora*'s Charms.
Emp. I doubt the happy influence of your Star:
T'invoke a Captives name bodes ill in War.
Aur. Sir, give me leave to ſay, what ever now
The Omen prove, it boded well to you.
Your Royal Promiſe, when I went to fight,
Oblig'd me to reſign a Victor's right.
Her liberty I fought for, and I wonn:
And claim it as your General, and your Son.
Emp. My ears ſtill ring with noiſe, I'm vext to death:
Tongue-kill'd, and have not yet recover'd breath.
Nor will I be preſcrib'd my time by you:
Firſt end the War, and then your Claim renew.
While to your Conduct I my Fortune truſt,
To keep this pledge of duty is but juſt.
Aur. Some hidden cauſe your jealouſie does move,
Or you could ne'r ſuſpect my Loyal Love.
Emp. What love ſoever by an Heir is ſhown,
He waits but time to ſtep into the Throne.
You're neither juſtifi'd, nor yet accus'd:
Mean while, the Pris'ner with reſpect is us'd.
Aur. I know the kindneſs of her Guardian ſuch,
I need not fear too little, but too much.
But how, Sir, how have you from virtue ſwerv'd?
Or what ſo ill return have I deſerv'd?
You doubt not me, nor have I ſpent my blood,
To have my faith no better underſtood:
Your Soul's above the baſeneſs of diſtruſt:
Nothing but love could make you ſo unjuſt.
Emp. You know your Rival then; and know 'tis fit,
The Son's ſhould to the Father's Claim ſubmit.
Aur. Sons may have right, which they can never quit.
Your ſelf firſt made that Title which I claim:
Firſt bid me love, and authoris'd my flame.
Emp. The value of my gift I did not know:
If I could give, I can reſume it too.
Aur. Recal your gift, for I your power confeſs:

But first, take back my life, a gift that's less.
Long life would now but a long burthen prove:
You're grown unkind, and I have lost your love.
My grief let unbecoming speeches fall:
I should have di'd, and not complain'd at all.
Emp. Witness ye pow'rs,
How much I suffer'd, and how long I strove
Against th' assaults of this imperious love!
I represented to my self the shame
Of perjur'd Faith, and violated Fame.
Your great deserts, how ill they were repay'd;
All arguments, in vain, I urg'd and weigh'd:
For mighty love, who prudence does despise,
For Reason, show'd me *Indamora*'s Eyes.
What would you more, my crime I sadly view,
Acknowledge, am asham'd, and yet pursue.
Aur. Since you can love, and yet your error see,
The same resistless pow'r may plead for me.
With no less ardor I my claim pursue:
I love, and cannot yield her even to you.
Emp. Your elder Brothers, though o'rcome, have right:
The youngest yet in Arms prepar'd to fight.
But, yielding her, I firmly have decreed,
That you alone to Empire shall succeed.
Aur. To after Ages let me stand a shame,
When I exchange for Crowns my love or fame.
You might have found a mercenary Son,
To profit of the Battels he had won:
Had I been such, what hinder'd me to take
The Crown? nor had th'exchange been yours to make.
While you are living, I no right pretend;
Wear it, and let it where you please descend.
But from my love, 'tis Sacrilege to part:
There, there's my Throne in *Indamora*'s heart.
Emp. 'Tis in her heart alone that you must Reign:
You'll find her person difficult to gain.
Give willingly what I can take by force:
And know, Obedience is your safest course.
Aur. I'm taught, by Honour's precepts, to obey:
Fear to Obedience is a slavish way.
If ought my want of duty could beget;
You take the most prevailing means, to threat.
Pardon your Bloud that boils within my veins;
It rises high, and menacing disdains.

Even death's become to me no dreadful name:
I've often met him, and have made him tame:
In fighting fields, where our acquaintance grew,
I saw him, and contemn'd him first for you.
Emp. Of formal duty make no more thy boast:
Thou disobey'st where it concerns me most.
Fool, with both hands thus to push back a Crown:
And headlong cast thy self from Empire down.
Though *Nourmahal* I hate, her Son shall Reign:
Inglorious thou, by thy own fault remain.
Thy younger Brother I'll admit this hour:
So mine shall be thy Mistris, his thy pow'r. [*Exit.*
Aur. How vain is Virtue which directs our ways
Through certain danger to uncertain praise!
Barren, and aery name! thee Fortune flies;
With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wise.
Heav'n takes thee at thy word, without regard;
And lets thee poorly be thy own reward.
The World is made for the bold impious man;
Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.
Justice to merit does weak aid afford;
She trusts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword.
Virtue is nice to take what's not her own;
And, while she long consults, the prize is gone.

To him Dianet.

Dia. Forgive the bearer of unhappy news:
Your alter'd Father openly pursues
Your ruine; and, to compass his intent,
For violent *Morat* in haste has sent.
The Gates he order'd all to be unbarr'd:
And from the Market-place to draw the Guard.
Aur. How look the people in this turn of State?
Dia. They mourn your ruine as their proper fate.
Cursing the Empress: for they think it done
By her procurement, to advance her Son.
Him too, though aw'd, they scarcely can forbear:
His pride they hate, his violence they fear.
All bent to rise, would you appear their Chief,
Till your own Troops come up to your relief.
Aur. Ill treated, and forsaken, as I am,
I'll not betray the glory of my name:
'Tis not for me, who have preserv'd a State,

To

To buy an Empire at so base a rate.

Dia. The points of Honour Poets may produce;
Trappings of life, for Ornament, not Use:
Honour, which only does the name advance,
Is the meer raving madness of Romance.
Pleas'd with a word, you may sit tamely down;
And see your younger Brother force the Crown.

Aur. I know my fortune in extremes does lie:
The Sons of *Indostan* must Reign, or die.
That desperate hazzard Courage does create;
As he plays frankly, who has least Estate,
And that the World the Coward will despise,
When Life's a Blank, who pulls not for a Prize?

Dia. Of all your knowledge, this vain fruit you have,
To walk with eyes broad open to your Grave.

Aur. From what I've said, conclude, without reply,
I neither would usurp, nor tamely die.
Th'attempt to flie, would guilt betray, or fear:
Besides, 'twere vain; the Fort's our prison here.
Somewhat I have resolv'd ——
Morat, perhaps, has Honour in his breast:
And, in extremes, bold Counsels are the best.
Like Emp'ric Remedies, they last are tri'd;
And by th'event condemn'd, or justifi'd.
Presence of mind and courage in distress,
Are more than Armies to procure success. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Arimant, *with a Letter in his hand:* Indamora.

Arim. And I the Messenger to him from you?
Your Empire you to Tyranny pursue:
You lay commands, both cruel and unjust,
To serve my Rival, and betray my trust.

Ind. You first betray'd your trust in loving me,
And should not I my own advantage see?
Serving my Love, you may my Friendship gain,
You know the best of your pretences vain.
You must, my *Arimant*, you must be kind:
'Tis in your Nature, and your Noble Mind.

Arim.

Arim. I'll to the King, and ſtreight my truſt reſign.
Ind. His truſt you may, but you ſhall never mine.
Heav'n made you love me for no other end,
But to become my Confident and Friend:
As ſuch, I keep no Secret from your ſight,
And therefore make you judge how ill I write:
Read it, and tell me freely then your mind:
If 'tis indited as I meant it, kind.
Arim. (*reading*) I ask not Heav'n my freedom to reſtore,
But only for your ſake —— I'll read no more:
And yet I muſt ——
(*Reading*) Leſs for my own, than for your ſorrow, ſad ——
Another line, like this, would make me mad ——
(*As reading*) Heav'n! ſhe goes on—yet more—and yet more kind!
Each Sentence is a Dagger to my mind.
(*Reading*) See me this night ——
Thank Fortune, who did ſuch a friend provide,
For faithful *Arimant* ſhall be your Guide.
Not only to be made an Inſtrument,
But preingag'd without my own conſent!
Ind. Unknown t'ingage you ſtill augments my ſcore,
And gives you ſcope of meriting the more.
Arim. The beſt of men
Some int'reſt in their actions muſt confeſs;
None merit but in hope they may poſſeſs.
The fatal Paper rather let me tear,
Than, like *Bellerophon*, my own Sentence bear.
Ind. You may; but 'twill not be your beſt advice.
'Twill only give me pains of writing twice.
You know you muſt obey me, ſoon or late:
Why ſhould you vainly ſtruggle with your Fate?
Arim. I thank thee, Heav'n, thou haſt been wondrous kind!
Why am I thus to ſlavery deſign'd,
And yet am cheated with a free-born mind?
Or make thy Orders with my reaſon ſute,
Or let me live by Senſe a glorious Brute —— [*She frowns.*
You frown, and I obey with ſpeed, before
That dreadful Sentence comes, *See me no more:*
See me no more! that ſound, methinks, I hear
Like the laſt Trumpet thund'ring in my ear.

Enter

Enter Solyman.

Solym. The Princeſs *Meleſinda*, bath'd in tears,
And toſs'd alternately with hopes and fears,
If your affairs ſuch leiſure can afford,
Would learn from you the fortunes of her Lord.
Arim. Tell her, that I ſome certainty may bring;
I go this minute to attend the King.
Ind. This lonely Turtle I deſire to ſee:
Grief, though not cur'd, is eas'd by Company.
Arim. (to Solym.) Say, if ſhe pleaſe, ſhe hither may repair,
And breathe the freſhneſs of the open Air. [*Exit* Solym.
Ind. Poor Princeſs! how I pity her eſtate,
Wrapt in the ruines of her Husbands fate;
She mourn'd *Morat* ſhould in Rebellion riſe;
Yet he offends, and ſhe's the Sacrifice.
Arim. Not knowing his deſign, at Court ſhe ſtaid;
Till, by command, cloſe pris'ner ſhe was made.
Since when,
Her Chains with *Roman* Conſtancy ſhe bore;
But that, perhaps, an *Indian* Wife's is more.
Ind. Go, bring her comfort: leave me here alone.
Arim. My love muſt ſtill be in obedience ſhown. [*Exit* Arim.

Enter Meleſinda, *led by* Solyman, *who retires afterwards.*

Ind. When graceful ſorrow in her pomp appears,
Sure ſhe is dreſs'd in *Meleſinda*'s tears.
Your head reclin'd, (as hiding grief from view,)
Droops, like a Roſe ſurcharg'd with morning Dew,
Mel. Can flow'rs but droop in abſence of the Sun,
Which wak'd their ſweets? and mine, alas! is gone.
But you the nobleſt Charity expreſs:
For they who ſhine in Courts ſtill ſhun diſtreſs.
Ind. Diſtreſs'd my ſelf, like you, confin'd I live:
And therefore can compaſſion take, and give.
We're both love's Captives; but with Fate ſo croſs,
One muſt be happy by the others loſs.
Morat, or *Aureng-Zebe* muſt fall this day.
Mel. Too truly *Tamerlain*'s Succeſſors they,
Each thinks a World too little for his ſway.
Could you and I the ſame pretences bring,
Mankind ſhould with more eaſe receive a King:

I would

I would to you the narrow world resign,
And want no Empire while *Morat* was mine.

Ind. Wish'd freedom I presage you soon will find;
If Heav'n be just, and be to Virtue kind.

Mel. Quite otherwise my mind foretels my Fate;
Short is my life, and that unfortunate.
Yet should I not complain, would Heav'n afford
Some little time, ere death, to see my Lord.

Ind. These thoughts are but your melancholy's food;
Rais'd from a lonely life, and dark abode:
But whatsoe'r our jarring fortunes prove,
Though our Lords hate, me-thinks we two may love.

Mel. Such be our loves as may not yield to fate:
I bring a heart more true than fortunate.

[*Giving their hands.*

To them Arimant.

Arim. I come with haste surprising news to bring:
In two hours time, since last I saw the King,
Th'affairs of Court have wholely chang'd their face:
Unhappy *Aureng-Zebe* is in disgrace:
And your *Morat*, (proclaim'd the Successor)
Is call'd, to awe the City with his power.
Those Trumpets his triumphant Entry tell.
And now the Shouts wast near the Cittadel.

Ind. See, Madam, see th'event by me foreshown:
I envy not your chance, but grieve my own.

Mel. A change so unexpected must surprise:
And more, because I am unus'd to joys.

Ind. May all your wishes ever prosp'rous be,
But I'm too much concern'd th'event to see.
My eyes too tender are ——
To view my Lord become the publick scorn.
I came to comfort, and I go to mourn. [*Taking her leave.*

Mel. Stay, I'll not see my Lord,
Before I give your sorrow some relief;
And pay the Charity you lent my grief.
Here he shall see me first with you confin'd:
And, if your virtue fail to move his mind,
I'll use my int'rest that he may be kind.
Fear not, I never mov'd him yet in vain.

Ind. So fair a Pleader any Cause may gain.

Mel. I have no taste, me-thinks, of coming joy;

For black presages all my hopes destroy,
Die, something whispers *Indamora*, die;
Fulfil, fulfil thy mournful Destiny.
Mine is a gleam of bliss, too hot to last,
Watry it shines, and will be soon o'r-cast.

Indamora *and* Melelinda *exeunt, as into the Chamber.*

Arim. Fortune seems weary grown of *Aureng-Zebe*,
While to her new made Favourite, *Morat*,
Her lavish hand is wastefully profuse:
With fame and flowing Honours tided in,
Born on a swelling Current smooth beneath him.
The King and haughty Empress, to our wonder,
If not aton'd, yet seemingly at peace.
As Fate for him that Miracle reserv'd.

Enter in Triumph, Emperor, Morat, *and Train.*

Emp. I have confess'd I love,
As I interpret fairly your design,
So look not with severer eyes on mine.
Your Fate has call'd you to th' Imperial Seat;
In duty be, as you in Arms, are great.
For *Aureng-Zebe* a hated name is grown,
And Love less bears a Rival than the Throne.

Mor. To me, the cries of fighting Fields are Charms:
Keen be my Sable, and of proof my Arms.
I ask no other blessing of my Stars:
No prize but fame, nor Mistris but the Wars.
I scarce am pleas'd I tamely mount the Throne:
Would *Aureng-Zebe* had all their Souls in one:
With all my Elder Brothers I would fight,
And so from partial Nature force my right.

Emp. Had we but lasting Youth, and time to spare,
Some might be thrown away on Fame and War:
But Youth, the perishing good, runs on too fast:
And unenjoy'd will spend it self to waste;
Few know the use of life before 'tis past.
Had I once more thy vigour to command,
I would not let it die upon my hand:
No hour of pleasure should pass empty by,
Youth should watch joys, and shoot 'em as they fly.

Mor. Me-thinks all pleasure is in greatness found.

Kings,

Kings, like Heav'ns Eye, should spread their beams around.
Pleas'd to be seen while Glory's race they run:
Rest is not for the Chariot of the Sun.
Subjects are stiff-neck'd Animals, they soon
Feel slacken'd Reins, and pitch their Rider down.

Emp. To thee that drudgery of pow'r I give:
Cares be thy lot: Reign thou, and let me live.
The Fort I'll keep for my security,
Bus'ness, and publick State resign to thee.

Mor. Luxurious Kings are to their people lost;
They live, like Drones, upon the publick cost.
My Arms, from Pole to Pole, the world shall shake:
And, with my self, keep all Mankind awake.

Emp. Believe me, Son, and needless trouble spare,
'Tis a base world, and is not worth our care.
The Vulgar, a scarce animated Clod,
Ne'r pleas'd with ought 'em, above Prince or God.
Were I a God, the drunken Globe should roul:
The little Emmets with the humane Soul
Care for themselves, while at my ease I sat,
And second Causes did the work of fate.
Or, if I would take care, that care should be
For Wit that scorn'd the world, and liv'd like me.

To them, Nourmahal, Zayda, *and Attendants.*

Nour. My dear *Morat*, [*Embracing her Son.*
This day propitious to us all has been:
You're now a Monarch's Heir, and I a Queen.
Your youthful Father now may quit the State,
And finds the ease he sought, indulg'd by fate.
Cares shall not keep him on the Throne awake,
Nor break the golden Slumbers he would take.

Emp. In vain I struggl'd to the Goal of Life,
While Rebel-Sons, and an imperious Wife
Still dragg'd me backward into noise and strife.

Mor. Be that remembrance lost; and be't my pride
To be your pledge of peace on either side.

To them, Aureng-Zebe.

Aur. With all th'assurance Innocence can bring,
Fearless without, because secure within,
Arm'd with my courage, unconcern'd I see

This pomp; a shame to you, a pride to me.
Shame is but where with wickedness 'tis joyn'd;
And, while no baseness in this breast I find,
I have not lost the birth-right of my mind.

Emp. Children (the blind effect of Love and Chance,
Form'd by their sportive Parents ignorance)
Bear from their birth th'impressions of a Slave:
Whom Heav'n for play-games first, and then for service gave.
One then may be displac'd, and one may Reign:
And want of merit, render birth-right vain.

Mor. Comes he t'upbraid us with his innocence?
Seize him, and take the preaching *Brachman* hence.

Aur. Stay, Sir; I, from my years, no merit plead: *To his Father.*
All my designs and acts to duty lead.
Your life and Glory are my only end;
And for that prize I with *Morat* contend.

Mor. Not him alone; I all Mankind defie.
Who dares adventure more for both than I?

Aur. I know you brave, and take you at your word:
That present service which you vaunt, afford.
Our two Rebellious Brothers are not dead:
Though vanquish'd, yet again they gather head.
I dare you, as your Rival in renown,
March out your Army from th'Imperial Town:
Chuse whom you please, the other leave to me:
And set our Father absolutely free.
This, if you do, to end all future strife,
I am content to lead a private life:
Disband my Army to secure the State,
Nor aim at more, but leave the rest to fate.

Mor. I'll do't. Draw out my Army on the plain:
War is to me a pastime, peace a pain.

Emp. (to Morat) Think better first.
(To Aur.) You see your self inclos'd beyond escape,
And therefore, *Protean*-like, you change your shape.
Of promise prodigal, while pow'r you want,
And preaching in the Self-denying Cant.

Mor. Plot better; for these Arts too obvious are,
Of gaining time, the Masterpiece of War:
Is *Aureng-Zebe* so known?

Aur. ——— If Acts like mine,
So far from int'rest, profit, or design,
Can show my heart, by those I would be known:
I wish you could as well defend your own.

My abſent Army for my Father fought:
Yours, in theſe VValls, is to inſlave him brought.
If I come ſingly, you an armed gueſt,
The world with eaſe may judge whoſe Cauſe is beſt.
Mor. My Father ſaw you ill deſigns purſue:
And my admiſſion ſhow'd his fear of you.
Aur. Himſelf beſt knows why he his love withdraws:
I owe him more than to declare the Cauſe.
But ſtill I preſs our duty may be ſhown
By Arms.
Mor. —— I'll vanquiſh all his foes alone.
Aur. You ſpeak as if you could the Fates command.
And had no need of any other hand.
But, ſince my Honour you ſo far ſuſpect;
'Tis juſt I ſhould on your deſigns reflect.
To prove your ſelf a Loyal Son, declare
You'll lay down arms when you conclude the VVar.
Mor. No preſent anſwer your demand requires;
The War once done, I'll do what Heav'n inſpires.
And while the Sword this Monarchy ſecures,
'Tis mannag'd by an abler Arm than yours.
Emp. *Morat*'s deſign a doubtful meaning bears: [*Apart.*
In *Aureng Zebe* true Loyalty appears.
He, for my ſafety, does his own deſpiſe;
Still, with his wrongs, I find his duty riſe.
I feel my Virtue ſtrugling in my Soul,
But ſtronger paſſion does its pow'r controul.
Yet be advis'd your ruine to prevent. [*To* Aur. *apart.*
You might be ſafe, if you would give conſent.
Aur. So to your welfare I of uſe may be,
My life or death are equal both to me.
Emp. The peoples hearts are yours; the fort yet mine:
Be wiſe, and *Indamora*'s love reſign.
I am obſerv'd: remember that I give
This my laſt proof of kindneſs, die, or live.
Aur. Life, with my *Indamora*, I would chuſe;
But, loſing her, the end of living loſe.
I had conſider'd all I ought before;
And fear of death can make me change no more.
The peoples love ſo little I eſteem,
Condemn'd by you, I would not live by them.
May he who muſt your favour now poſſeſs,
Much better ſerve you, and not love you leſs.
Emp. I've heard you; and, to finiſh the debate, [*Aloud.*
Commit

Commit that Rebel pris'ner to the State.

Mor. The deadly draught he ſhall begin this day:
And languiſh with inſenſible decay.

Aur. I hate the lingring ſummons to attend,
Death all at once would be the nobler end.
Fate is unkind! me-thinks a General
Should warm, and at the head of Armies fall.
And my ambition did that hope purſue,
That ſo I might have di'd in fight for you. [*To his Father.*

Mor. Would I had been diſpoſer of thy Stars:
Thou ſhouldſt have had thy wiſh, and di'd in VVars.
'Tis I, not thou, have reaſon to repine,
That thou ſhouldſt fall by any hand, but mine.

Aur. When thou wert form'd, Heav'n did a man begin;
But the brute Soul, by chance, was ſhuffl'd in.
In VVoods and VVilds thy Monarchy maintain:
VVhere valiant Beaſts, by force and rapine, reign.
In Life's next Scene, if Tranſmigration be,
Some Bear or Lion is reſerv'd for thee.

Mor. Take heed thou com'ſt not in that Lion's way:
I propheſie thou wilt thy Soul convey
Into a Lamb, and be again my Prey.
Hence with that dreaming Prieſt.

Nour. ——— Let me prepare
The pois'nous draught: his death ſhall be my care.
Near my Apartment let him pris'ner be,
That I his hourly ebbs of life may ſee.

Aur. My life I would not ranſome with a pray'r:
'Tis vile, ſince 'tis not worth my Father's care.
I go not, Sir, indebted to my grave:
You pai'd your ſelf, and took the life you gave. [*Exit.*

Emp. O that I had more ſenſe of vertue left, [*Aſide.*
Or were of that, which yet remains, bereft.
I've juſt enough to know how I offend,
And, to my ſhame, have not enough to mend.
Lead to the Moſque ———

Mor. Love's pleaſures why ſhould dull devotion ſtay?
Heav'n to my *Meleſinda*'s but the way.

[*Exeunt* Emperor, Morat, *and Train.*

Zayd. Sure *Aureng-Zebe* has ſomewhat of Divine,
VVhoſe virtue through ſo dark a cloud can ſhine.
Fortune has from *Morat* this day remov'd
The greateſt Rival, and the beſt belov'd.

Nour. He is not yet remov'd.

Zayd.

Zayd. ——————He lives, 'tis true;
But ſoon muſt die, and, what I mourn, by you.
Nour. My *Zayda*, may thy words prophetick be;
I take the Omen, let him die by me.
He ſtiff'd in my arms ſhall loſe his breath:
And Life it ſelf ſhall envious be of Death.
Zay. Bleſs me, you pow'rs above!
Nour. ——— Why doſt thou ſtart?
Is Love ſo ſtrange? or have not I a heart?
Could *Aureng-Zebe* ſo lovely ſeem to thee,
And I want eyes that noble worth to ſee?
Thy little Soul was but to wonder mov'd:
My ſenſe of it was higher, and I lov'd.
That Man, that God-like Man, ſo brave, ſo great;
But theſe are thy ſmall praiſes I repeat.
I'm carri'd by a Tide of Love away:
He's ſomewhat more than I my ſelf can ſay.
Zay. Though all th'Idea's you can form be true,
He muſt not, cannot be poſſeſs'd by you.
If contradicting int'reſts could be mixt,
Nature her ſelf hath caſt a bar betwixt.
And, ere you reach to this inceſtuous love,
You muſt Divine and Humane Rights remove.
Nour. Count this among the wonders love has done:
I had forgot he was my Husband's Son!
Zay. Nay, more: you have forgot who is your own:
For whom your care ſo long deſign'd the Throne.
Morat muſt fall, if *Aureng-Zebe* ſhould riſe.
Nour. 'Tis true; but who was ere in love, and wiſe?
Why was that fatal knot of Marriage ti'd,
Which did, by making us too near, divide?
Divides me from my Sex! for Heav'n, I find,
Excludes but me alone of Woman-kind.
I ſtand with guilt confounded, loſt with ſhame,
And yet made wretched only by a name.
If names have ſuch command on humane Life,
Love ſure's a name that's more Divine than Wife.
That Sovereign power all guilt from action takes,
At leaſt the ſtains are beautiful it makes.
Zay. Th'incroaching ill you early ſhould oppoſe:
Flatter'd 'tis worſe, and by indulgence grows.
Nour. Alas! and what have I not ſaid or done?
I fought it to the laſt: and Love has wonn.
A bloudy Conqueſt; which deſtruction brought,

Embracing her eagerly.

And ruin'd all the Countrey where he fought.
Whether this passion from above was sent
The Fate of him Heav'n favours to prevent,
Or as the curse of fortune in excess;
That, stretching, would beyond its reach possess:
And, with a taste which plenty does deprave,
Loaths lawful good, and lawless ill does crave?

Zay. But yet consider ——

Nour. —— No, 'tis loss of time:
Think how to farther, not divert my crime.
My artful Engines instantly I'll move:
And chuse the soft and gentlest hour of Love.
The Under-Provost of the Fort is mine.
But see, *Morat!* I'll whisper my design.

Enter Morat *with* Arimant, *as talking: Attendants.*

Arim. And for that cause was not in publick seen:
But stays in Prison with the Captive Queen.

Mor. Let my Attendants wait; I'll be alone:
Where least of State, there most of love is shown.

Nour. My Son, your busness is not hard to guess; [*To Mor.*
Long absence makes you eager to possess:
I will not importune you by my stay;
She merits all the Love which you can pay.

[*Exit with* Zayda.

Re enter Arimant, *with* Melesinda; *then Exit.* Morat *runs to* Melesinda, *and embraces her.*

Mor. Should I not chide you, that you chose to stay
In gloomy shades, and lost a glorious day?
Lost the first-fruits of joy you should possess
In my return, and made my Triumph less?

Mel. Should I not chide, that you could stay and see
Those joys, preferring publick Pomp to me?
Through my dark Cell your shouts of Triumph rung:
I heard with pleasure; but I thought 'em long.

Mor. The publick will in Triumphs rudely share.
And Kings the rudness of their joys must bear:
But I made haste to set my Captive free:
And thought that work was only worthy me.
The Fame of antient Matrons you pursue;
And stand a blameless pattern to the new.

I have

I have not words to praiſe ſuch Acts as theſe:
But take my Heart, and mold it as you pleaſe.
Mel. A trial of your kindneſs I muſt make,
Though not for mine ſo much as Virtue's ſake.
The Queen of *Caſſimeer* ———
Morat. ——— No more, my love;
That only ſuit I beg you not to move.
That ſhe's in Bonds for *Aureng-Zebe* I know,
And ſhould, by my conſent, continue ſo.
The good old man, I fear, will pity ſhow.
My Father dotes, and let him ſtill dote on;
He buys his Miſtris dearly with his Throne.
Mel. See her; and then be cruel if you can.
Mor. 'Tis not with me as with a private Man,
Such may be ſway'd by Honour, or by Love;
But Monarchs, only, by their int'reſt move.
Mel. Heav'n does a Tribute for your pow'r demand:
He leaves th'oppreſt and poor upon your hand.
And thoſe who Stewards of his pity prove,
He bleſſes, in return, with publick love.
In his diſtreſs, ſome Miracle is ſhown:
If exil'd, Heav'n reſtores him to his Throne.
He needs no Guard while any Subject's near:
Nor, like his Tyrant Neighbours, lives in fear:
No Plots th' Alarm to his retirements give:
'Tis all mankind's concern that he ſhould live.
Mor. you promis'd friendſhip in your low eſtate;
And ſhould forget it in your better fate;
Such Maxims are more plauſible than true;
But ſomewhat muſt be given to love and you.
I'll view this Captive Queen; to let her ſee,
Pray'rs and complaints are loſt on ſuch as me.
Mel. I'll bear the news: Heav'n knows how much I'm pleas'd,
That, by my care, th' afflicted may be eas'd.

As ſhe is going off, Enter Indamora.

Ind. I'll ſpare your pains, and venture out alone.
Since you, fair Princeſs, my protection own.
But you, brave Prince, a harder task muſt find; *To* Morat *kneeling, who takes her up.*
In ſaving me, you would but half be kind.
An humble Suppliant at your feet I lie;
You have condemn'd my better part to die.
Without my *Aureng-Zebe* I cannot live;

Revoke his Doom, or else my Sentence give.

Mel. If *Meleſinda* in your love have part,
Which, to ſuſpect, would break my tender heart:
If love, like mine, may for a lover plead,
By the chaſte pleaſures of our Nuptial bed,
By all the int'reſt my paſt ſuff'rings make,
And all I yet would ſuffer for your ſake;
By you your ſelf, the laſt and deareſt tie ——

Mor. You move in vain; for *Aureng-Zebe* muſt die.

Ind. Could that Decree from any Brother come?
Nature her ſelf is ſentenc'd in your doom.
Piety is no more, ſhe ſees her place
Uſurp'd by Monſters, and a ſavage Race.
From her ſoft Eaſtern Climes you drive her forth,
To the cold Manſions of the utmoſt North.
How can our Prophet ſuffer you to Reign.
When he looks down, and ſees your Brother ſlain?
Avenging Furies will your life purſue:
Think there's a Heav'n, *Morat*, though not for you.

Mel. Her words imprint a terror on my mind.
What if this death, which is for him deſign'd,
Had been your Doom, (far be that Augury!)
And you, not *Aureng-Zebe*, condemn'd to die?
Weigh well the various turns of Humane fate,
And ſeek, by mercy, to ſecure your State.

Ind. Had Heav'n the Crown for *Aureng-Zebe* deſign'd,
Pity, for you, had pierc'd his generous mind.
Pity does with a noble nature ſuit:
A Brother's life had ſuffer'd no diſpute.
All things have right in life, our Prophet's care
Commands the beings eve'n of Brutes to ſpare.
Though int'reſt his reſtraint has juſtifi'd,
Can life, and to a Brother, be deni'd?

Mor. All Reaſons for his ſafety urg'd, are weak:
And yet, me-thinks, 'tis Heav'n to hear you ſpeak.

Mel. 'Tis part of your own being to invade ——

Mor. Nay, if ſhe fail to move, would you perſwade? { *Turning to* Inda.
My Brother does a glorious fate purſue.
I envy him, that he muſt fall for you.
He had been baſe had he releas'd his right:
For ſuch an Empire none but Kings ſhould fight.
If with a Father, he diſputes this prize,
My wonder ceaſes when I ſee theſe Eyes.

Mel. And can you then deny thoſe Eyes you praiſe?

Can

Can beauty wonder, and not pity raiſe?
Mor. Your interceſſion now is needleſs grown:
Retire, and let me ſpeak with her alone.

[Meleſinda *retires, weeping, to the ſide of the Theatre.*

Queen, that you may not fruitleſs tears employ,
I bring you news to fill your heart with joy:
Your lover King of all the Eaſt ſhall Reign:
For *Aureng-Zebe* to morrow ſhall be ſlain.
Ind. The hopes you rais'd y'ave blaſted with a breath:
With Triumphs you began, but end with Death.
Did you not ſay, my lover ſhould be King?
Mor. I, in *Morat*, the beſt of lovers bring?
For one forſaken both of Earth and Heav'n,
Your kinder Stars a nobler choice have given:
My Father, while I pleaſe, a King appears;
His pow'r is more declining than his Years.
An Emperor and Lover, but in ſhow:
But you, in me, have Youth and fortune too.
As Heav'n did to your eyes and form Divine,
Submit the fate of all th' Imperial line;
So was it order'd by its wiſe Decree,
That you ſhould find 'em all compris'd in me.
Ind. If, Sir, I ſeem not diſcompos'd with rage,
Feed not your fancy with a falſe preſage.
Farther to preſs your Courtſhip is but vain:
A cold refuſal carries more diſdain,
Unſetled Virtue ſtormy may appear:
Honour, like mine, ſerenely is ſevere.
To ſcorn your perſon, and reject your Crown,
Diſorder not my face into a frown.

{ *Taking* Indamora's *hand.*

{ *Starting back.*

[*Turns from him.*

Mor. Your fortune you ſhould rev'rently have us'd:
Such offers are not twice to be refus'd.
I go to *Aureng-Zebe*, and am in haſte:
For your Commands, they're like to be the laſt.
Ind. Tell him,
With my own death I would his life redeem;
But, leſs than Honour, both our lives eſteem.
Mor. Have you no more?
Ind. —— What ſhall I do or ſay?

[*Aſide,*

He muſt not in this fury go away.
Tell him, I did in vain his Brother move;
And yet he falſly ſaid, he was in love.
Falſly; for had he truly lov'd, at leaſt,

He would have giv'n one day to my requeſt.
Mor. A little yielding may my love advance:
She darted from her eyes a ſidelong glance,
Juſt as ſhe ſpoke; and, like her words, it flew:
Seem'd not to beg, what yet ſhe bid me do.
A Brother, Madam, cannot give a day; [*To her.*
A Servant, and who hopes to merit, may.
Mel. If, Sir —— [*coming to him.*
Mor. No more —— ſet ſpeeches, and a formal tale,
With none but States-men and grave Fools prevail.
Dry up your tears, and practiſe every Grace,
That fits the Pageant of your Royal place. [*Exit.*
Mel. Madam, the ſtrange reverſe of Fate you ſee: [*To* Ind.
I piti'd you, now you may pity me. [*Exit after him.*
Ind. Poor Princeſs! thy hard fate I could bemoan,
Had I not nearer ſorrows of my own.
Beauty is ſeldom fortunate, when great:
A vaſt Eſtate, but overcharg'd with Debt.
Like thoſe whom want to baſeneſs does betray:
I'm forc'd to flatter him I cannot pay.
O would he be content to ſeize the Throne:
I beg the life of *Aureng-Zebe* alone.
Whom Heav'n would bleſs, from pomp it will remove,
And make their wealth in privacy and Love. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Aureng Zebe *ſolus.*

Diſtruſt, and darkneſs, of a future ſtate,
Make poor mankind ſo fearful of their fate.
Death, in it ſelf, is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where. [*Soft Muſick.*
This is the Ceremony of my fate:
A parting Treat; and I'm to die in State.
They lodge me, as were I the *Perſian* King:
And with luxurious pomp my death they bring.

To him Nourmahal.

Nour. I thought before you drew your lateſt breath,
To ſmooth your paſſage, and to ſoften death;
For I would have you, when you upward move,
Speak kindly of me, to our Friends above:
Nor name me there th' occaſion of your fate;
Or what my Intereſt does, impute to Hate.
Aur. I ask not for what end your pomp's deſign'd;
Whether t'inſult, or to compoſe my mind:
I mark'd it not;
But, knowing Death would ſoon th'aſſault begin,
Stood firm collected in my Strength within:
To guard that breach did all my forces guide,
And left unmann'd the quiet Senſes ſide.
Nour. Becauſe *Morat* from me his being took,
All I can ſay will much ſuſpected look:
'Tis little to confeſs your fate I grieve;
Yet more than you would eaſily believe.
Aur. Since my inevitable death you know,
You ſafely unavailing pity ſhow:
'Tis Popular to mourn a dying foe.
Nour. You made my Liberty your late requeſt:
Is no return due from a grateful breaſt?
I grow impatient, till I find ſome way
Great Offices, with greater, to repay.
Aur. When I conſider Life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
Truſt on, and think to morrow will repay:
To morrow's falſer than the former day;
Lies worſe; and while it ſays, we ſhall be bleſt
With ſome new joys, cuts off what we poſſeſt.
Strange couzenage! none would live paſt years again,
Yet all hope pleaſure in what yet remain;
And, from the dregs of life, think to receive
What the firſt ſprightly running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymick Gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.
Nour. 'Tis not for nothing that we life purſue;
It pays our hopes with ſomething ſtill that's new:
Each day's a Miſtris, unenjoy'd before;
Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with ſeeing more.
Did you but know what joys your way attend,

You

You would not hurry to your journeys end.
Aur. I need not haſte the end of life to meet;
The precipice is juſt beneath my feet.
Nour. Think not my ſenſe of Virtue is ſo ſmall:
I'll rather leap down firſt, and break your fall.
My *Aureng-Zebe*, (may I not call you ſo?) { *Taking him*
Behold me now no longer as your foe; { *by the hand.*
I am not, cannot be your Enemy:
Look, is there any malice in my eye?
Pray ſit —— [*Both ſit.*
That diſtance ſhows too much reſpect, or fear:
You'll find no danger in approaching near.
Aur. Forgive th'amazement of my doubtful ſtate:
This kindneſs from the Mother of *Morat!*
Or is't ſome Angel, pitying what I bore,
Who takes that ſhape, to make my wonder more?
Nour. Think me your better *Genius* in diſguiſe;
Or any thing that more may charm your eyes.
Your Guardian Angel never could excel
In care, nor could he love his charge ſo well.
Aur. Whence can proceed ſo wonderful a change?
Nour. Can kindneſs to deſert, like yours, be ſtrange?
Kindneſs by ſecret Sympathy is ty'd;
For Noble Souls in Nature are alli'd.
I ſaw with what a brow you brav'd your fate;
Yet with what mildneſs bore your Father's hate.
My Virtue, like a ſtring wound up by Art,
To the ſame ſound, when yours was touch'd, took part,
At diſtance ſhook, and trembled at my heart.
Aur. I'll not complain my Father is unkind,
Since ſo much pity from a foe I find.
Juſt Heav'n reward this act.
Nour. 'Tis well the debt no payment does demand,
You turn me over to another hand.
But happy, happy ſhe,
And with the bleſs'd above to be compar'd,
Whom you your ſelf would, with your ſelf, reward:
The greateſt, nay, the faireſt of her kind,
Would envy her that Bliſs which you deſign'd.
Aur. Great Princes thus, when favourites they raiſe,
To juſtifie their Grace, their Creatures praiſe.
Nour. As Love the Nobleſt paſſion we account,
So to the higheſt Object it ſhould mount.
It ſhows you brave when mean deſires you ſhun.

An

An Eagle only can behold the Sun:
And ſo muſt you; if yet, preſage Divine
There be in Dreams, or was't a Viſion mine?
Aur. Of me?
Nour. —— And who could elſe employ my thought?
I dream'd, your love was by love's Goddeſs ſought;
Officious Cupids, hov'ring o'r your head,
Held Myrtle wreaths: beneath your feet were ſpread
What Sweets ſoe'r *Sabean* Springs diſcloſe,
Our *Indian* Jaſmine, or the *Syrian* Roſe:
The wanton Miniſters around you ſtrove
For ſervice, and inſpir'd their Mother's love:
Cloſe by your ſide, and languiſhing, ſhe lies,
With bluſhing cheeks, ſhort breath, and wiſhing eyes;
Upon your breaſt ſupinely lay her head,
While, on your face, her famiſh'd ſight ſhe fed,
Then, with a ſigh, into theſe words ſhe broke,
(And gather'd humid kiſſes as ſhe ſpoke.)
Dull, and ingrateful! muſt I offer love?
Deſir'd of Gods, and envi'd ev'n by *Jove*:
And doſt thou ignorance or fear pretend?
Mean Soul! and dar'ſt not gloriouſly offend?
Then, preſſing thus his hand ——
Aur. —— I'll hear no more. [*Riſing up.*
'Twas impious to have underſtood before;
And I, till now, endeavour'd to miſtake
Th'inceſtuous meaning which too plain you make.
Nour. And why this niceneſs to that pleaſure ſhown,
Where Nature ſums up all her joys in one;
Gives all ſhe can, and labouring ſtill to give,
Makes it ſo great, we can but taſte and live:
So fills the Senſes, that the Soul ſeems fled,
And thought it ſelf does, for the time, lie dead;
Till like a String ſcru'd up with eager haſte.
It breaks, and is too exquiſite to laſt?
Aur. Heav'ns! can you this, without juſt vengeance, hear?
When will you thunder, if it now be clear?
Yet her alone let not your Thunder ſeize:
I, too, deſerve to die, becauſe I pleaſe.
Nour. Cuſtom our Native Royalty does awe;
Promiſcuous Love is Nature's general Law:
For whoſoever the firſt Lovers were,
Brother and Siſter made the ſecond Pair,
And doubled, by their love, their piety.

Aur.

Aur. Hence, hence, and to ſome barbarous Climate fly,
Which only Brutes in humane form does yield,
And Man grows wild in Nature's common Field.
Who eat their parents, piety pretend;
Yet there no Sons their Sacred Bed aſcend.
To vail great Sins, a greater Crime you chuſe;
And, in your Inceſt, your Adult'ry loſe.
Nour. In vain this haughty fury you have ſhown,
How I adore a Soul ſo like my own!
You muſt be mine, that you may learn to live:
Know joys, which only ſhe who loves can give.
Nor think that action you upbraid, ſo ill:
I am not chang'd; I love my Husband ſtill;
But love him as he was; when youthful grace,
And the firſt down began to ſhade his face:
That Image does my Virgin-flames renew,
And all your Father ſhines more bright in you.
Aur. In me a horrour of my ſelf you raiſe;
Curs'd by your love, and blaſted by your praiſe.
You find new ways to proſecute my Fate;
And your leaſt guilty paſſion was your Hate.
Nour. I beg my death, if you can Love deny. { *Offering him a Dagger.*
Aur. I'll grant you nothing; no, not ev'n to die.
Nour. Know then, you are not half ſo kind as I.
[*Stamps with her foot.*

Enter Mutes, ſome with Swords drawn, one with a Cup.

You've choſen, and may now repent too late.
Behold th'effect of what you wiſh'd, my hate.
This Cup, a cure for both our ills has brought: { *Taking the Cup to preſent him.*
You need not fear a philtre in the Draught.
Aur. All muſt be poiſon which can come from thee; { *Receiving it from her.*
But this the leaſt. T'immortal Liberty
This firſt I pour —— like dying *Socrates*; [*Spilling a little of it.*
Grim though he be, Death pleaſes when he frees.

As he is going to drink, Enter Morat *attended.*

Mor. Make not ſuch haſte, you muſt my leiſure ſtay:
Your Fate's deferr'd, you ſhall not die to day. { *Taking the Cup from him.*
Nour. What fooliſh pity has poſſeſs'd your mind,
To alter what your prudence once deſign'd?

Mor.

Mor. What if I pleaſe to lengthen out his date
A day, and take a pride to cozen Fate?
Nour. 'Twill not be ſafe to let him live an hour.
Mor. I'll do't, to ſhow my Arbitrary pow'r.
Nour. Fortune may take him from your hands again,
And you repent th'occaſion loſt in vain.
Mor. I ſmile at what your Female fear foreſees:
I'm in Fate's place, and dictate her Decrees.
Let *Arimant* be call'd. [*Exit one of his Attendants.*
Aur. Give me the poiſon, and I'll end your ſtrife:
I hate to keep a poor precarious life.
Would I my ſafety on baſe terms receive,
Know, Sir, I could have liv'd without your leave.
But thoſe I could accuſe, I can forgive:
By my diſdainful ſilence, let 'em live.
Nour. What am I, that you dare to bind my hand? [*To* Mor.
So low, I've not a Murder at command!
Can you not one poor Life to her afford,
Her who gave up whole Nations to your Sword?
And from th'abundance of whoſe Soul and Heat.
Th'o'rflowing ſerv'd to make your mind ſo great.
Mor. What did that greatneſs in a VVoman's mind?
Ill lodg'd, and weak to act what it deſign'd.
Pleaſure's your portion, and your ſlothful eaſe:
When Man's at leiſure, ſtudy how to pleaſe.
Soften his angry hours with ſervile care,
And when he calls, the ready Feaſt prepare.
From VVars, and from affairs of State abſtain:
VVomen Emaſculate a Monarch's Reign;
And murmuring Crouds, who ſee 'em ſhine with Gold,
That pomp, as their own raviſh'd Spoils behold.
Nour. Rage choaks my words: 'tis VVomanly to weep: [*Aſide.*
In my ſwoll'n breaſt my cloſe revenge I'll keep;
I'll watch his tender'ſt part, and there ſtrike deep. [*Exit.*
Aur. Your ſtrange proceeding does my wonder move;
Yet ſeems not to expreſs a Brother's love.
Say to what Cauſe my reſcu'd life I owe.
Mor. If what you ask would pleaſe, you ſhould not know.
But ſince that knowledge, more than Death, will grieve,
Know, *Indamora* gain'd you this Reprieve.
Aur. And whence had ſhe the pow'r to work your change?
Mor. The pow'r of Beauty is not new or ſtrange.
Should ſhe command me more, I could obey;
But her requeſt was bounded with a day.

Take that; and, if you'll ſpare my farther crime,
Be kind, and grieve to death againſt your time.

Enter Arimant.

Remove this Pris'ner to ſome ſafer place:
He has, for *Indamora*'s ſake, found grace:
And, from my Mother's rage muſt guarded be,
Till you receive a new Command from me.
Arim. Thus love, and fortune, perſecute me ſtill,
And make me Slave to every Rivals will. [*Aſide.*
Aur. How I diſdain a Life, which I muſt buy
With your contempt, and her inconſtancy;
For a few hours, my whole content I pay:
You ſhall not force on me another day.

[*Exit with* Arimant.

Enter Meleſinda.

Mel. I have been ſeeking you this hour's long ſpace,
And fear'd to find you in another place;
But, ſince you're here, my jealouſie grows leſs:
You will be kind to my unworthineſs.
What ſhall I ſay, I love to that degree,
Each glance another way is robb'd from me.
Abſence, and Priſons, I could bear again;
But ſink, and die, beneath your leaſt diſdain.
Mor. Why do you give your mind this needleſs care,
And, for your ſelf, and me, new pains prepare?
I ne'r approv'd this paſſion in exceſs:
If you would ſhow your love, diſtruſt me leſs.
I hate to be purſu'd from place to place:
Meet, at each turn, a ſtale domeſtick face.
Th'approach of jealouſie Love cannot bear,
He's wild, and ſoon on wing, if watchful eyes come near.
Mel. From your lov'd preſence, how can I depart?
My eyes purſue the object of my heart.
Mor. You talk as if it were our Bridal night:
Fondneſs is ſtill th'effect of new delight;
And Marriage but the pleaſure of a day:
The Metall's baſe the Gilding worn away.
Mel. I fear I'm guilty of ſome great offence,
And that has bred this cold indifference.
Mor. The greateſt in the world to fleſh and bloud.

You

You fondly love much longer than you ſhou'd.
Mel. If that be all which makes your diſcontent,
Of ſuch a crime I never can repent.
Mor. Would you force love upon me, which I ſhun?
And bring courſe fare, when appetite is gone?
Mel. Why did I not, in Priſon, die before
My fatal freedom made me ſuffer more?
I had been pleas'd to think I dy'd for you,
And doubly pleas'd, becauſe you then were true;
Then I had hope; but now, alas, have none.
Mor. You ſay you love me; let that love be ſhown.
'Tis in your power to make my happineſs.
Mel. Speak quickly: to command me is to bleſs.
Mor. To *Indamora* you my Suit muſt move:
You'll ſure ſpeak kindly of the man you love.
Mel. Oh! rather let me periſh by your hand,
Than break my heart, by this unkind command.
Think 'tis the only one I could deny;
And that 'tis harder to refuſe than die.
Try, if you pleaſe, my Rival's heart to win:
I'll bear the pain, but not promote the ſin.
You own what e'r perfections man can boaſt,
And if ſhe view you with my eyes, ſhe's loſt.
Mor. Here I renounce all love, all Nuptial ties:
Henceforward live a ſtranger to my eyes:
When I appear, ſee you avoid the place,
And haunt me not with that unlucky face.
Mel. Hard, as it is, I this command obey,
And haſte, while I have life, to go away:
In pity ſtay ſome hours, till I am dead,
That blameleſs you may court my Rival's Bed.
My hated face I'll not preſume to ſhow;
Yet I may watch your ſteps where e'r you go.
Unſeen, I'll gaze; and with my lateſt breath,
Bleſs, while I die, the Author of my death. [*Weeping.*

Enter Emperor.

Emp. When your Triumphant fortune high appears,
What cauſe can draw theſe unbecoming tears?
Let cheerfulneſs on happy Fortune wait,
And give not thus the Counter-time to Fate.
Mel. Fortune long frown'd, and has but lately ſmil'd:
I doubt a Foe ſo newly reconcil'd.

You saw but sorrow in its waning form,
A working Sea remaining from a Storm;
When the now weary Waves roul o'r the Deep,
And faintly murmur ere they fall asleep.

Emp. Your inward griefs you smother in your mind;
But Fame's loud voice proclaims your Lord unkind.

Mor. Let Fame be busie where she has to do:
Tell of fought fields, and every pompous Show.
Those Tales are fit to fill the peoples ears;
Monarchs, unquestion'd, move in higher Spheres.

Mel. Believe not Rumor, but your self; and see
The kindness 'twixt my plighted Lord and me. [*Kissing* Morat.
This is our State; thus happily we live;
These are the quarrels which we take and give.
(*Aside to* Mor.) I had no other way to force a Kiss.
Forgive my last Farewel to you, and Bliss. [*Exit.*

Emp. Your haughty carriage shows too much of scorn,
And love, like hers, deserves not that return.

Mor. You'll please to leave me judge of what I do,
And not examine by the outward show.
Your usage of my Mother might be good:
I judg'd it not.

Emp. ——— Nor was it fit you shou'd.

Mor. Then, in as equal Ballance weigh my deeds.

Emp. My Right, and my Authority, exceeds.
Suppose (what I'll not grant) Injustice done;
Is judging me the duty of a Son?

Mor. Not of a Son, but of an Emperor:
You cancell'd Duty when you gave me pow'r.
If your own actions on your Will you ground,
Mine shall hereafter know no other bound.
What meant you when you call'd me to a Throne?
Was it to please me with a Name alone?

Emp. 'Twas that I thought your gratitude would know
What to my partial kindness you did owe:
That what your Birth did to your Claim deny,
Your merit of Obedience might supply.

Mor. To your own thoughts such hopes you might propose;
But I took Empire not on terms like those.
Of business you complain'd; now take your ease:
Enjoy what e're decrepit Age can please:
Eat, Sleep, and tell long Tales of what you were
In flow'r of Youth, if any one will hear,

Emp. Pow'r like new Wine, does your weak Brain surprise,

And

And its mad fumes, in hot diſcourſes, riſe;
But time theſe giddy vapours will remove;
Mean while I'll taſte the ſober joys of Love.
Mor. You cannot love, nor pleaſures take, or give;
But life begin, when 'tis too late to live.
On a tir'd Courſer you purſue delight,
Let ſlip your morning and ſet out at night.
If you have liv'd, take thankfully the paſt:
Make, as you can, the ſweet remembrance laſt.
If you have not enjoy'd what Youth could give,
But life ſunk through you like a leaky Sieve,
Accuſe your ſelf you liv'd not while you might;
But, in the Captive Queen reſign your right.
I've now reſolv'd to fill your uſeleſs place;
I'll take that poſt to cover your diſgrace,
And love her, for the honour of my Race.
Emp. Thou doſt but try how far I can forbear,
Nor art that Monſter which thou wouldſt appear:
But do not wantonly my paſſion move;
I pardon nothing that relates to Love.
My fury does, like jealous Forts, purſue
With death, ev'n Strangers who but come to view.
Mor. I did not only view, but will invade:
Could you ſhed venom from your reverend ſhade,
Like Trees, beneath whoſe arms 'tis death to ſleep;
Did rouling Thunder your fenc'd Fortreſs keep,
Thence would I ſnatch my *Semele*, like *Jove*,
And midſt the dreadful Rack enjoy my Love.
Emp. Have I for this, ungrateful as thou art,
When Right, when Nature, ſtruggl'd in my heart;
When Heav'n call'd on me for thy Brother's claim,
Broke all, and ſulli'd my unſpotted fame?
Wert thou to Empire, by my baſeneſs, brought,
And wouldſt thou raviſh what ſo dear I bought?
Dear! for my Conſcience and its peace I gave:
Why was my Reaſon made my paſſion's ſlave?
I ſee Heav'ns Juſtice; thus the pow'rs Divine
Pay Crimes with Crimes, and puniſh mine by thine.
Mor. Crimes let them pay, and puniſh as they pleaſe:
What pow'r makes mine, by pow'r I mean to ſeize.
Since 'tis to that they their own greatneſs owe
Above, why ſhould they queſtion mine below? [*Exit.*
Emp. Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art ſought,
And with Age purchas'd art too dearly bought:

We're

We're paſt the uſe of Wit, for which we toil;
Late Fruit, and planted in too cold a Soil.
My Stock of fame is laviſh'd and decay'd;
No profit of the vaſt profuſion made.
Too late my folly I repent; I know
My *Aureng-Zebe* would ne'r have us'd me ſo.
But, by his ruine I prepar'd my own;
And, like a naked Tree, my ſhelter gone,
To Winds and Winter-ſtorms muſt ſtand expos'd alone. [*Exit.*

Aureng-Zebe, Arimant.

Arim. Give me not thanks, which I will ne'r deſerve;
But know, 'tis for a Nobler Price I ſerve.
By *Indamora*'s will you're hither brought:
All my reward, in her command I fought.
The reſt your Letters tell you. —— See, like Light,
She comes; and I muſt vaniſh, like the Night. [*Exit.*

Enter Indamora.

Ind. 'Tis now that I begin to live again:
Heav'ns, I forgive you all my fear and pain:
Since I behold my *Aureng-Zebe* appear,
I could not buy him at a Price too dear.
His name alone afforded me relief,
Repeated as a charm to cure my grief.
I that lov'd name did, as ſome God, invoke,
And printed kiſſes on it while I ſpoke.

Aur. Short eaſe: but long, long pains from you I find:
Health, to my eyes; but poiſon, to my mind.
Why are you made ſo excellently fair?
So much above what other Beauties are,
That, ev'n in curſing, you new form my breath;
And make me bleſs thoſe Eyes which give me death?

Ind. What reaſon for your curſes can you find?
My Eyes your conqueſt, not your death, deſign'd.
If they offend, 'tis that they are too kind.

Aur. The ruines they have wrought, you will not ſee:
Too kind they are, indeed, but not to me.

Ind. Think you baſe Intereſt Souls, like mine, can ſway?
Or that, for Greatneſs, I can Love betray?
No, *Aureng-Zebe*, you merit all my heart,
And I'm too Noble but to give a part.

Your

Your Father, and an Empire! am I known
No more? or have ſo weak a judgment ſhown,
In chuſing you, to change you for a Throne?
Aur. How, with a truth, you would a Falſhood blind!
'Tis not my Father's love you have deſign'd;
Your choice is fix'd where Youth and Pow'r are joyn'd.
Ind. Where Youth and Pow'r are joyn'd! has he a name?
Aur. You would be told; you glory in your ſhame:
There's Muſick in the Sound; and, to provoke
Your pleaſure more, by me it muſt be ſpoke.
Then, then it raviſhes, when your pleas'd ear
The ſound does from a wretched Rival hear.
Morat's the name your heart leaps up to meet,
While *Aureng-Zebe* lies dying at your feet.
Ind. Who told you this?
Aur. ——— Are you ſo loſt to ſhame?
Morat, *Morat*, *Morat*: You love the name
So well, your e'ry queſtion ends in that;
You force me ſtill to anſwer you, *Morat*.
Morat, who beſt could tell what you reveal'd;
Morat, too proud to keep his joy conceal'd.
Ind. Howe'r unjuſt your jealouſie appear,
It ſhows the loſs, of what you love, you fear;
And does my pity, not my anger move:
I'll fond it, as the froward Child of Love.
To ſhow the truth of my unalter'd breaſt,
Know, that your life was given at my requeſt:
At leaſt Repriev'd. When Heav'n deni'd you aid,
She brought it; ſhe, whoſe falſhood you upbraid.
Aur. And 'tis by that you would your falſhood hide;
Had you not ask'd, how happy had I dy'd!
Accurſt Reprieve! not to prolong my breath,
It brought a ling'ring, and more painful death.
I have not liv'd ſince firſt I heard the news;
The gift the guilty giver does accuſe.
You knew the price, and the requeſt did move,
That you might pay the Ranſome with your love.
Ind. Your accuſation muſt, I ſee, take place;
And I am guilty, infamous, and baſe!
Aur. If you are falſe, thoſe Epithets are ſmall;
You're then the things, the abſtract of 'em all.
And you are falſe: you promis'd him your love,
No other price a heart ſo hard could move.
Do not I know him? could his Brutal mind

Be

Be wrought upon? could he be juſt, or kind?
Inſultingly, he made your love his boaſt;
Gave me my life, and told me what it coſt.
Speak; anſwer. I would fain yet think you true:
Lie; and I'll not believe my ſelf, but you.
Tell me you love; I'll pardon the deceit,
And, to be fool'd, my ſelf aſſiſt the cheat.

Ind. No; 'tis too late: I have no more to ſay.
If you'll believe I have been falſe, you may.

Aur. I would not; but your crimes too plain appear:
Nay, even that I ſhould think you true, you fear.
Did I not tell you, I would be deceiv'd?

Ind. I'm not concern'd to have my truth believ'd.
You would be cozen'd! would aſſiſt the cheat!
But I'm too plain to joyn in the deceit:
I'm pleas'd you think me falſe ———
And, whatſoe'r my Letter did pretend,
I made this meeting for no other end.

Aur. Kill me not quite, with this indifference:
When you are guiltleſs, boaſt not an offence.
I know you better than your ſelf you know:
Your heart was true, but did ſome frailty ſhow:
You promis'd him your Love, that I might live;
But promis'd what you never meant to give.
Speak, was't not ſo? confeſs; I can forgive.

Ind. Forgive what dull excuſes you prepare!
As if your thoughts of me were worth my care.

Aur. Ah traitreſs! Ah ingrate! Ah faithleſs mind!
Ah Sex, invented firſt to damn mankind!
Nature took care to dreſs you up for Sin:
Adorn'd, without; unfiniſh'd left, within.
Hence, by no judgment you your loves direct;
Talk much, ne'r think, and ſtill the wrong effect.
So much ſelf-love in your compoſures mix'd,
That love to others ſtill remains unfix'd:
Greatneſs, and Noiſe, and Show, are your delight;
Yet wiſe men love, in their own deſpight:
And, finding in their native Wit no eaſe,
Are forc'd to put your folly on to pleaſe.

Ind. Now you ſhall know what cauſe you have to rage;
But to increaſe your fury, not aſſwage:
I found the way your Brother's heart to move,
Yet promis'd not the leaſt return of Love.
His Pride, and Brutal fierceneſs I abhor;

But corn your mean ſuſpitions of me more,
I ow'd my Honour and my fame this care:
Know what your folly loſt you, and deſpair. [*Turning from him.*
Aur. Too cruelly your innocence you tell;
Show Heav'n, and damn me to the pit of Hell.
Now I believe you; 'tis not yet too late:
You may forgive, and put a ſtop to Fate:
Save me, juſt ſinking, and no more to riſe. [*She frowns.*
How can you look with ſuch relentleſs eyes?
Or let your mind by penitence be mov'd,
Or I'm reſolv'd to think you never lov'd.
You are not clear'd, unleſs you mercy ſpeak:
I'll think you took th'occaſion thus to break.
Ind. Small jealouſies, 'tis true, inflame deſire;
Too great, not fan, but quite blow out the fire:
Yet I did love you, till ſuch pains I bore,
That I dare truſt my ſelf and you no more.
Let me not love you; but here end my pain:
Diſtruſt may make me wretched once again.
Now, with full Sails, into the Port I move,
And ſafely can unlade my breaſt of love;
Quiet, and calm: why ſhould I then go back,
To tempt the ſecond hazard of a Wrack?
Aur. Behold theſe dying eyes, ſee their ſubmiſſive awe;
Theſe tears, which fear of death could never draw:
Heard you that ſigh? from my heav'd heart it paſt,
And ſaid, If you forgive not, 'tis my laſt.
Love mounts, and rowls about my ſtormy mind,
Like fire, that's born by a tempeſtuous wind.
Oh, I could ſtifle you, with eager haſte!
Devour your kiſſes with my hungry taſte!
Ruſh on you! eat you! wander o'r each part,
Raving with pleaſure, ſnatch you to my heart!
Then hold you off, and gaze! then, with new rage,
Invade you, till my conſcious Limbs preſage
Torrents of joy, which all their banks o'rflow!
So loſt, ſo bleſt, as I but then could know!
Ind. Be no more jealous. [*Giving him her hand.*
Aur. —— Give me cauſe no more:
The danger's greater after, than before,
If I relapſe; to cure my jealouſie
Let me (for that's the eaſieſt parting) die.
Ind. My life!
Aur. —— My Soul!

Ind. ——— My all that Heav'n can give!
Death's life with you; without you, death to live.

To them Arimant *haſtily.*

Arim. Oh, we are loſt, beyond all humane aid!
The Citadel is to *Morat* betraid,
The Traitor, and the Treaſon, known too late;
The falſe *Abas* deliver'd up the Gate.
Ev'n, while I ſpeak, we're compaſs'd round with Fate.
The Valiant cannot fight, or Coward flie;
But both in undiſtinguiſh'd Crouds muſt die.

Aur. Then my Prophetick fears are come to paſs:
Morat was always bloudy; now, he's baſe:
And has ſo far in Uſurpation gone,
He will by Parricide ſecure the Throne.

To them the Emperor.

Emp. Am I forſaken, and betray'd, by all?
Not one brave man dare, with a Monarch, fall?
Then, welcome death, to cover my diſgrace;
I would not live to Reign o'r ſuch a Race.
My *Aureng-Zebe!* [*Seeing* Aureng-Zebe.
But thou no more art mine; my cruelty
Has quite deſtroy'd the right I had in thee.
I have been baſe,
Baſe ev'n to him from whom I did receive
All that a Son could to a parent give:
Behold me puniſh'd in the ſelf-ſame kind,
Th'ungrateful does a more ungrateful find.

Aur. Accuſe your ſelf no more; you could not be
Ungrateful: could commit no crime to me:
I only mourn my yet uncancell'd ſcore:
You put me paſt the pow'r of paying more:
That, that's my grief, that I can only grieve,
And bring but pity, where I would relieve;
For had I yet ten thouſand lives to pay,
The mighty ſumm ſhould go no other way.

Emp. Can you forgive me, 'tis not fit you ſhou'd.
Why will you be ſo excellently good?
'Twill ſtick too black a brand upon my name:
The Sword is needleſs; I ſhall die with ſhame.
What had my age to do with Love's delight,

Shut

Shut out from all enjoyments but the ſight?
Arim. Sir, you forget the danger's imminent:
This minute is not for excuſes lent.
Emp. Diſturb me not ——
How can my lateſt hour be better ſpent?
To reconcile my ſelf to him is more,
Than to regain all I poſſeſs'd before.
Empire, and Life are now not worth a pray'r:
His love, alone, deſerves my dying care.
Aur. Fighting for you, my death will glorious be.
Ind. Seek to preſerve your ſelf, and live for me.
Arim. Loſe then no farther time.
Heav'n has inſpir'd me with a ſudden thought,
Whence your unhop'd for ſafety may be wrought,
Though with the hazard of my bloud 'tis bought.
But, ſince my life can ne'r be fortunate,
'Tis ſo much ſorrow well redeem'd from Fate.
You, Madam, muſt retire;
Your beauty is its own ſecurity.
And leave the conduct of the reſt to me.
Glory will crown my life, if I ſucceed;
If not, ſhe may afford to love me dead. [*Aſide.*
Aur. My Father's kind, and Madam, you forgive:
Were Heav'n ſo pleas'd, I now could wiſh to live.
And, I ſhall live.
With Glory, and with Love, at once I burn:
I feel th'inſpiring heat, and abſent God return. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Indamora *alone.*

THE night ſeems doubled with the fear ſhe brings,
And, o'r the Cittadel, new ſpreads her wings.
The Morning, as miſtaken, turns about,
And all her early fires again go out.
Shouts, cries, and groans, firſt pierce my ears, and then
A flaſh of Lightning draws the guilty Scene,
And ſhows me Arms, and Wounds, and Dying men.

Ah, ſhould my *Aureng-Zebe* be fighting there,
And envious Winds diſtinguiſh'd to my ear,
His dying groans, and his laſt accents bear!

To her Morat, *attended.*

Mor. The bloudy bus'neſs of the Night is done,
And, in the Cittadel, an Empire wonn.
Our Swords ſo wholly did the fates employ,
That they, at length, grew weary to deſtroy:
Refus'd the work we brought; and, out of breath,
Made Sorrow and Deſpair attend for Death.
But what of all my Conqueſt can I boaſt?
My haughty pride, before your eyes, is loſt:
And Victory but gains me to preſent
That Homage, which our Eaſtern world has ſent.

Ind. Your Victory, alas, begets my fears:
Can you not then triumph without my tears?
Reſolve me; (for you know my Deſtiny
In *Aureng-Zebe*'s) ſay, do I live, or die?

Mor. Urg'd by my love, by hope of Empire fir'd;
'Tis true, I have perform'd what both required:
What Fate decreed; for when great Souls are giv'n,
They bear the marks of Sov'reignty from Heav'n.
My Elder Brothers my fore-runners came;
Rough-draughts of Nature, ill deſign'd, and lame:
Blown off, like Bloſſoms, never made to bear;
Till I came, finiſh'd; her laſt labour'd care.

Ind. This Prologue leads to your ſucceeding ſin:
Bloud ended what Ambition did begin.

Mor. 'Twas rumor'd, but by whom I cannot tell,
My Father ſcap'd from out the Cittadel:
My Brother too may live.

Ind. ——— He may.

Mor. ——— He muſt:
I kill'd him not: and a leſs Fate's unjuſt.
Heav'n owes it me, that I may fill his room;
A Phœnix-Lover, riſing from his Tomb.
In whom you'll loſe your ſorrows for the dead;
More warm, more fierce, and fitter for your Bed.

Ind. Should I from *Aureng-Zebe* my heart divide,
To love a Monſter, and a Parricide?
Theſe names your ſwelling Titles cannot hide.
Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe;

But

But to our thoughts, what Edict can give Law?
Ev'n you your self, to your own breast, shall tell
Your crimes; and your own Conscience be your Hell.
Mor. What bus'ness has my Conscience with a Crown?
She sinks in pleasures, and in Bowls will drown.
If mirth should fail, I'll busie her with cares;
Silence her clamorous voice with louder VVars:
Trumpets and Drums shall fright her from the Throne,
As sounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon.
Ind. Repell'd by these, more eager she will grow;
Spring back more strongly than a *Scythian* bow:
Amidst your Train, this unseen Judge will wait,
Examine how you came by all your State;
Upbraid your impious pomp; and, in your ear,
Will hallow, *Rebel*, *Tyrant*, *Murderer*.
Your ill-got pow'r wan looks and care shall bring:
Known but by discontent to be a King.
Of Crouds afraid, yet anxious when alone;
You'l sit and brood your sorrows on a Throne.
Mor. Birthright's a vulgar road to Kingly sway;
'Tis ev'ry dull-got Elder Brother's way.
Dropt from above, he lights into a Throne;
Grows of a piece with that he sits upon,
Heav'ns choice, a low, inglorious, rightful Drone.
But who by force a Scepter does obtain,
Shows he can govern that which he could gain.
Right comes of course, what e'r he was before;
Murder and Usurpation are no more.
Ind. By your own Laws you such Dominion make,
As ev'ry stronger Pow'r has right to take:
And Parricide will so deform your name,
That dispossessing you will give a claim.
Who next Usurps, will a just Prince appear;
So much your ruine will his Reign endear.
Mor. I without guilt, would mount the Royal Seat;
But yet 'tis necessary to be great.
Ind. All Greatness is in Virtue understood:
'Tis only necessary to be good.
Tell me, what is't at which great Spirits aim,
What most your self desire?
Mor. —— Renown, and Fame,
And Pow'r, as uncontrol'd as is my will.
Ind. How you confound desires of good and ill!
For true renown is still with Virtue joyn'd;

But luſt of pow'r lets looſe th' unbridl'd mind.
Yours is a Soul irregularly great,
Which wanting temper, yet abounds with heat:
So ſtrong, yet ſo unequal pulſes beat.
As Sun which does, through vapours dimnly ſhine:
What pity 'tis you are not all Divine!
Mew molded, thorow lighten'd, and a breaſt
So pure, to bear the laſt ſevereſt teſt;
Fit to command an Empire you ſhould gain
By Virtue, and without a bluſh to Reign.

Mor. You ſhow me ſomewhat I ne'r learnt before;
But 'tis the diſtant proſpect of a Shore,
Doubtful in miſts; which, like inchanted ground,
Flies from my ſight, before 'tis fully found.

Ind. Dare to be great, without a guilty Crown;
View it, and lay the bright temptation down:
'Tis baſe to ſeize on all, becauſe you may;
That's Empire, that which I can give away:
There's joy when to wild Will you Laws preſcribe,
When you bid fortune carry back her bride:
A joy, which none but greateſt minds can taſte;
A Fame, which will to endleſs ages laſt.

Mor. Renown, and fame, in vain, I courted long;
And ſtill purſu'd 'em, though directed wrong.
In hazard, and in toils, I heard they lay;
Sail'd farther than the Coaſt, but miſs'd my way:
Now you have given me Virtue for my guide;
And, with true Honour, ballaſted my Pride.
Unjuſt Dominion I no more purſue;
I quit all other claims but thoſe to you.

Ind. Oh be not juſt to halves! pay all you owe:
Think there's a debt to *Meleſinda* too.
To leave no blemiſh on your after life;
Reward the virtue of a ſuff'ring Wife:

Mor. To love once paſt, I cannot backward move;
Call yeſterday again, and I may love.
'Twas not for nothing I the Crown reſign'd;
I ſtill muſt own a Mercenary mind:
I, in this venture, double gains purſue,
And laid out all my Stock to purchaſe you.

To them Asaph Chan.

Now, what success? does *Aureng-Zebe* yet live?

Asaph. Fortune has giv'n you all that she can give,
Your Brother ———

Mor. ——— Hold; thou show'st an impious joy,
And think'st I still take pleasure to destroy:
Know, I am chang'd, and would not have him slain.

Asaph. 'Tis past; and you desire his life in vain.
He prodigal of Soul, rush'd on the stroke
Of lifted weapons, and did wounds provoke:
In scorn of Night, he would not be conceal'd;
His Souldiers, where he fought, his name reveal'd:
In thickest crouds, still *Aureng-Zebe* did sound:
The vaulted Roofs did *Aureng-Zebe* rebound,
Till late, and in his fall, the name was drown'd.

Ind. Wither that hand which brought him to his fate,
And blasted be the tongue which did relate.

Asaph. His Body ———

Mor. ——— Cease to inhance her misery:
Pity the Queen, and show respect to me.
'Tis ev'ry Painters Art to hide from sight,
And cast in shades, what seen would not delight.
Your grief, in me such sympathy has bred, [*To her.*
I mourn; and wish I could recal the dead.
Love softens me; and blows up fires, which pass
Through my tough heart, and melt the stubborn Mass.

Ind. Break, heart; or choak, with sobs, my hated breath;
Do thy own work: admit no foreign death.
Alas; why do I make this useless moan?
I'm dead already, for my Soul is gone.

To them Mir Baba.

Mir. What tongue the terror of this night can tell,
Within, without, and round the Citadel!
A new form'd Faction does your pow'r oppose;
The fight's confus'd, and all who meet are foes:
A second clamour, from the Town, we hear;
And the far noise so loud, it drowns the near.
Abas, who seem'd our friend, is either fled;
Or, what we fear, our Enemies does head:
Your frighted Souldiers scarce their ground maintain.

Mor.

Mor. I thank their fury; we shall fight again:
They rouse my rage; I'm eager to subdue:
'Tis fatal to with-hold my eyes from you.

[*Exit with the two Omrahs.*

Enter Melesinda.

Mel. Can misery no place of safety know?
The noise pursues me wherefoe'r I go,
As Fate sought only me; and where I fled,
Aim'd all its Darts at my devoted head.
And let it; I am now past care of life,
The last of Women; an abandon'd Wife.

Ind. Whether design or Chance has brought you here,
I stand oblig'd to fortune, or to fear:
Weak VVomen should, in danger, herd like Deer.
But say, from whence this new combustion springs?
Are there yet more *Morat*'s? more fighting Kings?

Mel. Him from his Mother's love your eyes divide,
And now her Arms the cruel strife decide. ——

Ind. What strange misfortunes my vext life attend? ——
Death will be kind, and all my sorrows end,
If *Nourmahal* prevail, I know my fate.

Mel. I pity, as my own, your hard estate;
But what can my weak Charity afford?
I have no longer int'rest in my Lord:
Nor in his Mother, He: she owns her state
Aloud, and would her self Usurp the State.

Ind. I'm stupifi'd with sorrow, past relief
Of tears: parch'd up, and wither'd with my grief.

Mel. Dry mourning will decays more deadly bring,
As a North Wind burns a too forward Spring.
Give sorrow vent, and let the sluces go.

Ind. My tears are all congeal'd, and will not flow.

Mel. Have comfort; yield not to the blows of fate.

Ind. Comfort, like Cordials after death, comes late.
Name not so vain a word; my hopes are fled:
Think your *Morat* were kind, and think him dead.

Mel. I can no more
Can no more arguments, for comfort, find:
Your boding words have quite o'r-whelm'd my mind.

[*Clattering of weapons within.*

Ind. The noise increases; as the Billows roar,
When rowling from afar they threat the Shore!

She

She comes; and feeble Nature now I find
Shrinks back in danger, and forſakes my mind.
I wiſh to die, yet dare not Death endure;
Deteſt the Med'cine, yet deſire the Cure.
I would have Death; but mild, and at command:
I dare not truſt him in another's hand.
In *Nourmahal*'s, he would not mine appear;
But arm'd with terror, and diſguis'd with fear.

Mel. Beyond this place you can have no retreat:
Stay here, and I the danger will repeat.
I fear not Death, becauſe my life I hate:
And envious Death will ſhun th'unfortunate.

Ind. You muſt not venture.

Mel. Let me: I may do
My ſelf a kindneſs, in obliging you.
In your lov'd name, I'll ſeek my angry Lord;
And beg your ſafety from his conqu'ring Sword:
So his protection all your fears will eaſe,
And I ſhall ſee him once, and not diſpleaſe. [*Exit.*

Ind. O wretched Queen! what pow'r thy life can ſave?
A ſtranger, and unfriended, and a ſlave!

Enter Nourmahal, Zayda, *and* Abas, *with Souldiers.*

Alas, ſhe's here!

[Indamora *withdraws to the inner part of the Scene.*

Nour. Heartleſs they fought, and quitted ſoon their ground,
While ours with eaſie Victory were crown'd.
To you, *Abas*, my Life and Empire too,
And, what's yet dearer, my Revenge, I owe.

Abas. The vain *Morat*, by his own raſhneſs wrought,
Too ſoon diſcover'd his ambitious thought;
Believ'd me his, becauſe I ſpoke him fair,
And pitch'd his head into the ready ſnare:
Hence 'twas I did his Troops at firſt admit;
But ſuch, whoſe numbers could no fears beget;
By them th' Emperor's Party firſt I ſlew,
Then turn'd my Arms the Victors to ſubdue.

Nour. Now let the head-ſtrong Boy my will controul:
Virtue's no Slave of Man; no Sex confines the Soul:
I, for my ſelf, th'Imperial Seat will gain,
And he ſhall wait my leiſure for his Reign.
But *Aureng-Zebe* is no where to be found.
And now perhaps in Death's cold arms he lies:

I fought, and conquer'd, yet have loſt the prize.
Zayd. The chance of War determin'd well the ſtrife,
That rack'd you, 'twixt the Lover and the Wife.
He's dead, whoſe love had fulfil'd all your Reign,
And made you Empreſs of the World in vain.
Nour. No; I my pow'r and pleaſure would divide:
The Drudge had quench'd my flames, and then had di'd.
I rage, to think without that Bliſs I live;
That I could wiſh what fortune would not give;
But, what love cannot, Vengeance muſt ſupply;
She, who bereav'd me of his heart, ſhall die.
Zayd. I'll ſearch: far diſtant hence ſhe cannot be. [*Goes in.*
Nour. This wondrous Maſter-piece I fain would ſee;
This fatal *Helen*, who can Wars inſpire,
Make Kings her Slaves, and ſet the World on fire.
My Husband lock'd his Jewel from my view;
Or durſt not ſet the falſe one by the true.

Re-enter Zayda, *leading* Indamora.

Zay. Your frighted Captive, ere ſhe dies, receive;
Her Soul's juſt going elſe, without your leave.
Nour. A fairer Creature did my eyes ne'r ſee!
Sure ſhe was form'd by Heav'n in ſpite to me!
Some Angel copi'd, while I ſlept, each grace,
And molded ev'ry feature from my face.
Such Majeſty does from her forehead riſe,
Her cheeks ſuch bluſhes caſt, ſuch rays her eyes,
Nor I, nor Envy, can a blemiſh find;
The Palace is, without, too well deſign'd:
Conduct me in, for I will view thy mind.
Speak, if thou haſt a Soul, that I may ſee, [*To her.*
If Heav'n can make throughout another Me.
Ind. My tears and miſeries muſt plead my cauſe; [*Kneeling.*
My words, the terror of your preſence awes:
Mortals, in ſight of Angels, mute become;
The Nobler nature ſtrikes th' Inferiour dumb.
Nour. The Palm is, by the Foes confeſſion, mine;
But I diſdain what baſely you reſign.
Heav'n did, by me, the outward model build:
Its inward work, the Soul, with rubbiſh fill'd.
Yet, Oh! th'imperfect piece moves more delight;
'Tis gilded o'r with Youth, to catch the ſight.
The Gods have poorly robb'd my Virgin bloom,

And

And what I am by what I was o'rcome.
Traitreſs, reſtore my beauty and my Charms,
Nor ſteal my Conqueſts with my proper Arms.
Ind. What have I done, thus to inflame your hate?
I am not guilty, but unfortunate.
Nour. Not guilty, when thy looks my pow'r betray,
Seduce Mankind, my Subject, from my Sway,
Take all my Hearts, and all my Eyes away?
My Husband firſt; but that I could forgive:
He only mov'd, and talk'd, but did not live.
My *Aureng-Zebe*, for I dare own the name,
The glorious Sin, and the more glorious flame;
Him, from my beauty, have thy eyes miſled,
And ſtarv'd the joys of my expected Bed.
Ind. His love, ſo ſought, he's happy that he's dead.
O had I courage but to meet my Fate;
That ſhort dark paſſage to a future ſtate;
That melancholy Riddle of a breath.
Nour. That ſome thing, or that nothing, after Death:
Take this, and teach thy ſelf. [*Giving a Dagger.*
Ind. Alas!
Nour. ——— Why doſt thou ſhake?
Diſhonour not the vengeance I deſign'd:
A Queen, and own a baſe Plebeian mind!
Let it drink deep in thy moſt vital part:
Strike home, and do me reaſon in thy heart.
Ind. I dare not.
Nour. ——— Do't, while I ſtand by and ſee,
At my full guſt, without the drudgery.
I love a Foe, who dares my ſtroke prevent,
Who gives me the full Scene of my content,
Shows me the flying Soul's convulſive ſtrife,
And all the anguiſh of departing life:
Diſdain my mercy, and my rage defie;
Curſe me with thy laſt breath; and make me ſee
A Spirit worthy to have Rival'd me.
Ind. Oh, I deſire to die; but dare not yet:
Give me ſome reſpite, I'll diſcharge the debt.
Without my *Aureng-Zebe* I would not live.
Nour. Thine, Traitreſs! thine! that word has wing'd thy fate,
And put me paſt the tedious forms of hate.
I'll kill thee with ſuch eagerneſs and haſte,

As Fiends, let loose, would lay all Nature waste.

{ Indamora *runs back:* as Nourmahal *is running to her. Clashing of Swords is heard within.*

Sold. Yield, y'are o'rpow'r'd: resistance is in vain. [*Within.*

Mor. Then death's my choice: submission I disdain. [*Within.*

Nour. Retire, you Slaves: Ah whither does he run [*At the door.*
On pointed Swords? Disarm, but save my Son.

Enter Morat *staggering, and upheld by Souldiers.*

Mor. She lives! and I shall see her once again!
I have not thrown away my life in vain.

{ *Catches hold of* Indamora's *Gown, and falls by her: she sits.*

I can no more; yet, ev'n in Death, I find
My fainting body byass'd by my mind:
I fall toward you; still my contending Soul
Points to your breast, and trembles to its Pole.

To them Melesinda, *hastily, casting her self on the other side of* Morat.

Mel. Ah wo, wo, wo! the worst of woes I find!
Live still: Oh live; live ev'n to be unkind.
With half shut eyes he seeks the doubtful day;
But, Ah! he bends his sight another way.
He faints! and in that sigh his Soul is gone;
Yet Heaven's unmov'd, yet Heav'n looks careless on.

Nour. Where are those pow'rs which Monarchs should defend?
Or do they vain Authority pretend,
O'r humane Fates, and their weak Empire show,
Which cannot guard their Images below?
If, as their Image, he was not Divine,
They ought to have respected him as mine.
I'll waken them with my revenge; and she
Their *Indamora* shall my Victim be,
And helpless Heav'n shall mourn in vain, like me.

{ *As she is going to stab* Indamora, Morat *raises himself, and holds her hand.*

Mor. Ah, what are we,
Who dare maintain with Heav'n this wretched strife,
Puft with the pride of Heav'ns own gift, frail life?
That blast which my ambitious Spirit swell'd,
See by how weak a Tenure it was held!

I only ſtay to ſave the Innocent:
Oh envy not my Soul its laſt content.
Ind. No, let me die; I'm doubly ſummon'd now;
Firſt, by my *Aureng-Zebe*; and, ſince, by you.
My Soul grows hardy, and can Death endure:
Your Convoy makes the dang'rous way ſecure.
Mel. Let me, at leaſt, a Funeral Marriage crave;
Nor grudge my cold embraces in the Grave.
I have too juſt a Title in the ſtrife:
By me, unhappy me, he loſt his life:
I call'd him hither; 'twas my fatal breath;
And I the Screech-Owl that proclaim'd his Death.
[*Shout within.*
Abas. What new Alarms are theſe? I'll haſte and ſee. [*Exit.*
Nour. Look up, and live: an Empire ſhall be thine.
Mor. That I contemn'd, ev'n when I thought it mine.
Oh, I muſt yield to my hard Deſtinies, [*To* Indamora.
And muſt for ever ceaſe to ſee your eyes.
Mel. Ah turn your ſight to me, my deareſt Lord!
Can you not one, one parting look afford?
Ev'n ſo unkind in Death? but 'tis in vain;
I loſe my breath, and to the Winds complain:
Yet 'tis as much in vain your cruel ſcorn;
Still I can love, without this laſt return.
Nor Fate, nor you, can my vow'd faith controul?
Dying, I'll follow your diſdainful Soul:
A Ghoſt, I'll haunt your Ghoſt; and, where you go,
With mournful murmurs fill the Plains below.
Mor. Be happy, *Meleſinda*, ceaſe to grieve,
And, for a more deſerving Husband, live:
Can you forgive me?
Mel. ——— Can I! Oh my heart!
Have I heard one kind word before I part?
I can, I can forgive: is that a task
To love, like mine? Are you ſo good to ask?
One kiſs —— Oh 'tis too great a bleſſing this; [*Kiſſes him.*
I would not live to violate the bliſs.

Re enter Abas.

Abas. Some envious Devil has ruin'd us yet more:
The Fort's revolted to the Emperor;
The Gates are open'd, the Portcullis drawn;
And deluges of Armies, from the Town,

Come

Come pow'ring in: I heard the mighty flaw,
When first it broke; the crowding Enfigns saw,
Which choak'd the paſſage; and, (what leaſt I fear'd,)
The waving Arms of *Aureng Zebe* appear'd,
Diſplay'd with your *Morat*'s:
In either's Flag the golden Serpents bear,
Erected Creſts alike; like Volumes rear,
And mingle friendly hiſſings in the Air.
Their Troops are joyn'd, and our deſtruction nigh.
Nour. 'Tis vain to fight, and I diſdain to flie.
I'll mock the Triumphs which our Foes intend;
And, ſpite of fortune, make a glorious end.
In pois'nous draughts my liberty I'll find:
And from the nauſeous World ſet free my mind. [*Exit.*

At the other end of the Stage, Enter Aureng-Zebe, Dianet, *and Attendants.* Aureng-Zebe *turns back, and ſpeaks, entring.*

Aur. The lives of all, who ceaſe from combat, ſpare;
My Brother's be your moſt peculiar care:
Our impious uſe no longer ſhall obtain;
Brothers no more, by Brothers, ſhall be ſlain.
[*Seeing* Indamora *and* Morat.
Ha! do I dream? is this my hop'd ſucceſs?
I grow a Statue, ſtiff, and motionleſs.
Look, *Dianet*; for I dare not truſt theſe eyes;
They dance in miſts, and dazle with ſurpriſe.
Dia. Sir, 'tis *Morat*; dying he ſeems, or dead:
And *Indamora*'s hand ———
Aur. ——— Supports his head. [*Sighing.*
Thou ſhalt not break yet heart, nor ſhall ſhe know
My inward torments, by my outward ſhow;
To let her ſee my weakneſs were too baſe;
Diſſembled Quiet ſit upon my face:
My ſorrow to my eyes no paſſage find,
But let it inward ſink, and drown my mind.
Falſhood ſhall want its Triumph: I begin
To ſtagger; but I'll prop my ſelf within.
The ſpecious Tow'r no ruine ſhall diſcloſe,
Till down, at once, the mighty Fabrick goes.
Mor. In ſign that I die yours, reward my love, [*To* Ind.
And ſeal my Paſport to the Bleſs'd above. [*Kiſſing her hand.*
Ind. Oh ſtay; or take me with you when you go:
There's nothing now worth living for below.

Mor.

Mor. I leave you not; for my expanded mind
Grows up to Heav'n, while it to you is joyn'd;
Not quitting, but enlarg'd! A blazing Fire,
Fed from the Brand. [*Dies.*
Mel. Ah me! he's gone! I die! [*Swoons.*
Ind. ——— Oh diſmal day!
Fate, thou haſt raviſh'd my laſt hope away.
O Heav'n! my *Aureng-Zebe*—— {*She turns, and ſees* Aureng-Zebe
——What ſtrange ſurpriſe! {*ſtanding by her, and ſtarts.*
Or does my willing mind delude my eyes,
And ſhows the Figure always preſent there?
Or liv'ſt thou? am I bleſs'd, and ſee thee here?
Aur. My Brother's body ſee convey'd with care, {*Turning from her, to his Attendants.*
Where we may Royal Sepulture prepare.
With ſpeed to *Meleſinda* bring relief;
Recal her ſpirits, and moderate her grief.—— [*Half turning to* Ind.
I go, to take for ever from your view
Both the lov'd Object, and the hated too.
[*Going away after the Bodies, which are carried off.*
Ind. Hear me; yet think not that I beg your ſtay: {*Laying hold of him.*
I will be heard, and after take your way.
Go; but your late repentance ſhall be vain: {*He ſtruggles ſtill: She lets him go.*
I'll never, never ſee your face again. [*Turning away.*
Aur. Madam, I know what ever you can ſay:
You might be pleas'd not to command my ſtay.
All things are yet diſorder'd in the Fort;
I muſt crave leave your audience may be ſhort,
Ind. You need not fear I ſhall detain you long;
Yet you may tell me your pretended wrong.
Aur. Is that the buſ'neſs? then my ſtay is vain.
Ind. How are you injur'd?
Aur. ——— When did I complain?
Ind. Leave off your forc'd reſpect ——
And ſhow your rage in its moſt furious form:
I'm arm'd with innocence to brave the Storm.
You heard, perhaps, your Brother's laſt deſire;
And after ſaw him in my Arms expire:
Saw me, with tears, ſo great a loſs bemoan:
Heard me complaining my laſt hopes were gone.
Aur. Oh ſtay, and take me with you when you go,
There's nothing now worth living for below.

Unhappy

Unhappy Sex! whose beauty is your snare;
Expos'd to trials; made too frail to bear.
I grow a fool, and show my rage again:
'Tis Nature's fault; and why should I complain?
Ind. Will you yet hear me?
Aur. —— Yes, till you relate
What pow'rful Motives did your change create.
You thought me dead, and prudently did weigh,
Tears were but vain, and brought but Youths decay.
Then, in *Morat*, your hopes a Crown design'd;
And all the Woman work'd within your mind.
I rave again, and to my rage return,
To be again subjected to your scorn.
Ind. I wait till this long storm be over blown.
Aur. I'm conscious of my folly: I have done.
I cannot rail; but silently I'll grieve.
How did I trust! and how did you deceive!
Oh, *Arimant*, would I had di'd for thee!
I dearly buy thy generositie.
Ind. Alas, is he then dead?
Aur. —— Unknown to me,
He took my Arms; and while I forc'd my way,
Through Troops of Foes, which did our passage stay,
My Buckler o'r my aged Father cast,
Still fighting, still defending as I past,
The noble *Arimant* usurp'd my name;
Fought, and took from me, while he gave me, fame.
To *Aureng-Zebe*, he made his Souldiers cry,
And seeing not, where he heard danger nigh,
Shot, like a Star, through the benighted Sky.
A short, but mighty aid: at length he fell.
My own adventures 'twere lost time to tell;
Or how my Army, entring in the night,
Surpris'd our Foes: the dark disorder'd fight:
How my appearance, and my Father shown,
Made peace; and all the rightful Monarch own.
I've summ'd it briefly, since it did relate
Th'unwelcome safety of the man you hate.
Ind. As briefly will I clear my innocence:
Your alter'd Brother di'd in my defence.
Those tears you saw, that tenderness I show'd,
Were just effects of grief and gratitude.
He di'd my Convert.
Aur. —— But your Lover too:

I heard

I heard his words, and did your actions view;
You ſeem'd to mourn another Lover dead:
My ſighs you gave him, and my tears you ſhed.
But worſt of all,
Your gratitude for his defence was ſhown:
It prov'd you valu'd life when I was gone.
Ind. Not that I valu'd life; but fear'd to die:
Think that my weakneſs, not inconſtancy.
Aur. Fear ſhow'd you doubted of your own intent:
And ſhe who doubts becomes leſs innocent.
Tell me not you could fear;
Fear's a large promiſer, who ſubject live
To that baſe paſſion, know not what they give.
No circumſtance of grief you did deny;
And what could ſhe give more who durſt not die?
Ind. My love, my faith.
Aur. ——— Both ſo adult'rate grown,
When mix'd with fear, they never could be known.
I wiſh no ill might her I love befal;
But ſhe ne'r lov'd who durſt not venture all.
Her life and fame ſhould my concernment be;
But ſhe ſhould only be afraid for me.
Ind. My heart was yours; but, Oh! you left it here,
Abandon'd to thoſe Tyrants, Hope and fear:
If they forc'd from me one kind look or word,
Could you not that, not that ſmall part afford?
Aur. If you had lov'd, you nothing yours could call:
Giving the leaſt of mine, you gave him all.
True love's a Miſer, ſo tenacious grown:
He weighs to the leaſt grain of what's his own.
More delicate than Honour's niceſt ſenſe:
Neither to give nor take the leaſt offence.
With, or without you, I can have no reſt:
What ſhall I do? y'are lodg'd within my breaſt:
Your Image never will be thence diſplac'd;
But there it lies, ſtabb'd, mangled, and defac'd.
Ind. Yet, to reſtore the quiet of your heart,
There's one way left.
Aur. ——— Oh name it.
Ind. ——— 'Tis to part.
Since perfect bliſs with me you cannot prove,
I ſcorn to bliſs by halves the man I love

Aur. Now you distract me more: shall then the day,
Which views my Triumph, see our loves decay?
Must I new bars to my own joy create?
Refuse, my self, what I had forc'd from Fate?
What though I am not lov'd?
Reason's nice taste does our delights destroy:
Brutes are more bless'd, who grossly feed on joy.

Ind. Such endless jealousies your love pursue,
I can no more be fully bless'd than you.
I therefore go, to free us both from pain:
I pris'd your Person, but your Crown disdain.
Nay, ev'n my own ———
I give it you; for since I cannot call
Your heart my Subject, I'll not Reign at all. [*Exit.*

Aur. Go: though thou leav'st me tortur'd on the Rack,
'Twixt Shame and Pride, I cannot call thee back.
She's guiltless, and I should submit; but Oh!
When she exacts it, can I stoop so low?
Yes; for she's guiltless;——but she's haughty too;
Great Souls long struggle ere they own a crime:
She's gone; and leaves me no repenting time.
I'll call her now; sure, if she loves, she'll stay;
Linger at least, or not go far away.

[*Looks to the door, and returns.*

For ever lost, and I repent too late.
My foolish pride would set my whole Estate,
Till, at one throw, I lost all back to Fate.

To him the Emperor, *drawing in* Indamora: *Attendants.*

Emp. It must not be, that he, by whom we live,
Should no advantage of his gift receive.
Should he be wholly wretched? he alone,
In this bless'd day, a day so much his own? [*To* Indamora.
I have not quitted yet a Victor's right:
I'll make you happy in your own despight.
I love you still; and if I struggle hard
To give, it shows the worth of the reward.

Ind. Suppose he has o'rcome; must I find place
Among his conquer'd Foes, and sue for grace?
Be pardon'd, and confess I lov'd not well?
What though none live my innocence to tell?

I know

I know it: Truth may own a gen'rous pride:
I clear my ſelf, and care for none beſide.
Aur. Oh, *Indamora*, you would break my heart!
Could you reſolve, on any terms, to part?
I thought your love eternal: was it ti'd
So looſly, that a quarrel could divide?
I grant that my ſuſpitions were unjuſt;
But would you leave me for a ſmall diſtruſt?
Forgive thoſe fooliſh words ——— [*Kneeling to her.*
They were the froth my raging folly mov'd,
When it boil'd up: I knew not then I lov'd;
Yet then lov'd moſt.
Ind. (to Aur.) You would but half be bleſt! } *Giving her*
Aur. ——— Oh do but try } *hand, ſmiling.*
My eager love: I'll give my ſelf the lie.
The very hope is a full happineſs;
Yet ſcantly meaſures what I ſhall poſſeſs.
Fancy it ſelf, ev'n in enjoyment, is
But a dumb Judge, and cannot tell its bliſs.
Emp. Her eyes a ſecret yielding do confeſs,
And promiſe to partake your happineſs.
May all the joys I did my ſelf purſue,
Be rais'd by her, and multipli'd on you.

A Proceſſion of Prieſts, Slaves following, and laſt Meleſinda *in white.*

Ind. Alas! what means this pomp?
Aur. 'Tis the Proceſſion of a Funeral Vow,
Which cruel Laws to *Indian* Wives allow,
When fatally their Virtue they approve;
Chearful in flames, and Martyrs of their love.
Ind. Oh my foreboding heart! th'event I fear;
And ſee! ſad *Meleſinda* does appear.
Mel. You wrong my love; what grief do I betray?
This is the Triumph of my Nuptial day.
My better Nuptials; which, in ſpight of Fate,
For ever joyn me to my dear *Morat*.
Now I am pleas'd; my jealouſies are o'r:
He's mine; and I can loſe him now no more.
Emp. Let no falſe ſhow of Fame your reaſon blind.
Ind. You have no right to die; he was not kind.

Mel. Had he been kind, I could no love have shown:
Each vulgar Virtue would as much have done.
My love was such, it needed no return;
But could, though he suppli'd no fuel, burn.
Rich in it self, like Elemental fire,
Whose pureness does no Aliment require.
In vain you would bereave me of my Lord;
For I will die: die is too base a word;
I'll seek his breast, and kindling by his side,
Adorn'd with flames, I'll mount a glorious Bride. [*Exit.*

Enter Nourmahal *distracted, with* Zayda.

Zay. She's lost, she's lost! but why do I complain
For her, who generously did life disdain!
Poison'd, she raves ——
Th'invenom'd Body does the Soul attack;
Th'invenom'd Soul works its own poison back.

Nour. I burn, I more than burn; I am all fire:
See how my mouth and nostrils flame expire.
I'll not come near my self ——
Now I'm a burning Lake, it rowls and flows;
I'll rush, and pour it all upon my Foes.
Pull, pull that reverend piece of Timber near:
Throw't on —— 'tis dry —— 'twill burn ——
Ha, ha! how my old Husband crackles there!
Keep him down, keep him down, turn him about:
I know him; he'll but whiz, and strait go out.
Fan me, you Winds: what, not one breath of Air?
I burn 'em all, and yet have flames to spare.
Quench me: pour on whole Rivers. 'Tis in vain:
Morat stands there to drive 'em back again:
With those huge Bellows in his hands, he blows
New fire into my head: my Brain pan glows.
See, see! there's *Aureng-Zebe* too takes his part;
But he blows all his fire into my heart.

Aur. Alas, what fury's this?

Nour. —— That's he, that's he! { *Staring upon him, and catching at him.*
I know the dear man's voice:
And this my Rival, this the cursed she.

They

They kiſs; into each others arms they run:
Cloſe, cloſe, cloſe! muſt I ſee, and muſt have none?
Thou art not hers: give me that eager kiſs.
Ingrateful! have I loſt *Morat* for this?
Will you? — before my face? — poor helpleſs I
See all; and have my Hell before I die! [*Sinks down.*

Emp. With thy laſt breath thou haſt thy crimes confeſt:
Farewel; and take, what thou ne'r gav'ſt me, reſt.
But you, my Son, receive it better here: {*Giving him* Indamora's *hand.*
The juſt rewards of Love and Honour wear.
Receive the Miſtris you ſo long have ſerv'd;
Receive the Crown your Loyalty preſerv'd.
Take you the Reins, while I from cares remove,
And ſleep within the Chariot which I drove.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

A Pretty task! and ſo I told the Fool,
Who needs would undertake to pleaſe by Rule:
He thought that, if his Characters were good,
The Scenes entire, and freed from noiſe and bloud;
The Action great, yet circumſcrib'd by Time,
The Words not forc'd, but ſliding into Rhime,
The Paſſions rais'd and calm'd by juſt Degrees,
As Tides are ſwell'd, and then retire to Seas;
He thought, in hitting theſe, his buſ'neſs done,
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one:
But, after all, a Poet muſt confeſs,
His Art's like Phyſick, but a happy gheſs.
Your Pleaſure on your Fancy muſt depend:
The Lady's pleas'd, juſt as ſhe likes her Friend.
No Song! no Dance! no Show! he fears you'l ſay,
You love all naked Beauties, but a Play.
He much miſtakes your methods to delight;
And, like the French, abhors our Target-fight:
But thoſe damn'd Dogs can never be i'th' right.
True Engliſh hate your Monſieur's paltry Arts;
For you are all Silk-weavers, in your hearts.
Bold Britons, at a brave Bear-garden Fray,
Are rouz'd: and, clatt'ring Sticks, cry, Play, Play, Play.
Mean time, your filthy Foreigner will ſtare,
And mutter to himſelf, Ha gens Barbare!
And, Gad, 'tis well he mutters; well for him;
Our Butchers elſe would tear him limb from limb.

'Tis

'Tis true, the time may come, your Sons may be
Infected with this French civility;
But this in After-ages will be done:
Our Poet writes a hundred years too ſoon.
This Age comes on too ſlow, or he too faſt:
And early Springs are ſubject to a blaſt!
Who would excel, when few can make a Teſt
Betwixt indiff'rent Writing and the beſt?
For Favours cheap and common, who wou'd ſtrive,
Which, like abandon'd Proſtitutes, you give?
Yet ſcatter'd here and there I ſome behold,
Who can diſcern the Tinſel from the Gold:
To theſe he writes; and if by them allow'd,
'Tis their Prerogative to rule the Crowd.
For he more fears (like a preſuming Man)
Their Votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.

FINIS.